# A BOOK OF HAPPINESS

JENNIE DAY HAINES

"The Flower of Life
is Happiness"

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"The Flower of Life
is Happiness"

To

Caroline Peck,

in remembrance of a "happy" hour —.

with warmest regards

from

Jennie Day Haines.

September 21st.

1914

# A BOOK
# OF HAPPINESS



# A Book of Happiness

A Collection of Prose and Verse

Compiled by

JENNIE DAY HAINES

PHILADELPHIA

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## A BOOK OF HAPPINESS

# FOREWORD

From a literary point of view, the importance of happiness is amply demonstrated by the following extract from "The Guardian," published about two centuries ago:

"As nothing is more natural than for every one to desire to be happy, it is not to be wondered at that the wisest men in all ages have spent so much time to discover what happiness is, and wherein it chiefly consists. An eminent writer named Varro, reckons up no less than two hundred eighty-eight different opinions upon this subject; and another, called Lucian, after having given up a long catalogue of the notions of several philosophers, endeavours to show the absurdity of all of them, without establishing any thing of his own."

In no spirit of emulation with the old Greek and Roman, does the compiler present this little book—containing selections from both ancient and modern authors—but rather with the hope that it may prove helpful to the present generation.



# A BOOK OF HAPPINESS

## RECIPE FOR A HAPPY LIFE

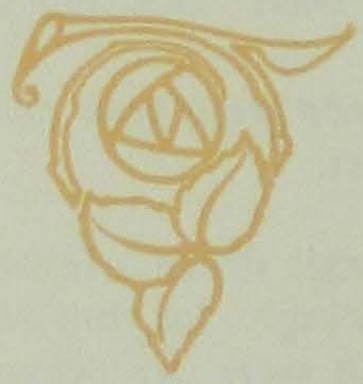
Three ounces are necessary, first of patience,
Then of repose and peace; of conscience
A pound entire is needful:
Of pastimes of all sorts, too,
Should be gathered as much as the hand can hold;
Of pleasant memory and of hope three good drachms
There must be at least. But they should moistened be
With a liquor made from true pleasures which rejoice the heart.

Then of love's magic drops a few—
But use them sparingly, for they may bring a flame
Which nought but tears can drown.
Grind the whole and mix therewith of merriment an ounce
To even. Yet all this may not bring happiness
Except in your orisons you lift your voice
To Him who holds the gift of health.

—MARGARET OF NAVARRE.
Written about the year 1500..



## A BOOK OF HAPPINESS



# THE ART OF HAPPINESS



## THE ART OF HAPPINESS

It is a great thing to cultivate the art of happiness, that we can get pleasure out of the common experiences of every day.

—ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

Happiness is that single and glorious thing which is the very light and sum of the whole animated universe; and when she is not, it were better that nothing should be.

—CHARLES CALEB COLTON.

Let the weakest, let the humblest remember, that in his daily course he can, if he will, shed around him almost a heaven. Kindly words, sympathizing attentions, watchfulness against wounding men's sensitiveness,—these cost but little, but they are priceless in their value. Are they not almost the staple of our daily happiness? From hour to hour, from moment to moment, we are supported, blest, by small kindnesses.

—FREDERICK WILLIAM ROBERTSON.



## A BOOK OF HAPPINESS

Into the basket of thy day
Put each thing good and each thing gay
That thou canst find along thy way.

Neglect no joy, however small,
And it shall verily befall
Thy day can scarcely hold them all.

Within the basket of thy day
Let nothing evil find its way,
And let no frets nor worries stay.

So shall each day be brave and fair,
Holding of joy its happy share,
And finding blessings everywhere.

—PRISCILLA LEONARD.

Happiness is through helpfulness. Every morning let us build a booth to shelter some one from life's fierce heat. Every noon let us dig some life-spring for thirsty lips. Every night let us be food for the hungry and shelter for the cold and naked.

—NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

Seek to cultivate a buoyant, joyous sense of the crowded kindnesses of God in your daily life.

—ALEXANDER MACLAREN.

God giveth day by day
To set to roundelay
  Life's sad and sunny hours,—
To weave into a lay
Life's golden years and gray,
  Its sweet and bitter flowers,—
To sweep, with hands that stray
In many a devious way
  Its harp of sun and showers.

—JOHN PAYNE.

Live while you live, life calls for all your powers;
This instant day your utmost strength demands.
He wastes himself who stops to watch the sands
And, miser-like, hoards up the golden hours.

—WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON.

There are words and tones and facial expressions which throughout daily intercourse continually excite disagreeable emotions, and others which excite agreeable emotions; and the amount of happiness or of misery created by them, often far exceed the amounts created by maleficent or beneficent actions of conspicuous kinds.

—HERBERT SPENCER.

If every one did an act of daily kindness to his neighbour and refused to do any unkindness, half the sorrow of this world would be lifted and disappear.

—JOHN WATSON (Ian Maclaren).

Guard within yourself that treasure, kindness. Know how to give without hesitation, how to lose without regret, how to acquire without meaning. Know how to replace in your heart, by the happiness of those you love, the happiness that may be wanting in yourself.

—BARONESS DUDEVANT (George Sand).

So many gods, so many creeds,
So many roads that wind and wind,
And yet the art of being kind
Is all this sad world needs.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

The greatest happiness of the greatest number is the foundation of morals and legislature.

—OWEN BENTHAM.

Happiness must be earned, like other good things, else it cannot be held. It can be deserved only where its price has been somehow paid. Nothing worth having is given away in this world,—nor in any other that we know of. No one rides deadhead on the road to happiness. He who tries to do so, never reaches his destination. He is left in the dumps.

—DAVID STARR JORDAN.

We think no greater blisse than such
To be as be we would,
When blessed none but such as be
The same as be they should.

—WILLIAM WARNER.

The art of being happy is the art of discovering the depths that lie in the daily common things.

—J. BRIERLY.

All external acquisitions receive taste and colour from the internal constitution; as clothes give warmth, not from their own heat, but by covering and keeping close the heat that is in ourselves.

—MONTAIGNE.

Whether any particular day shall bring to you more of happiness or of suffering is largely beyond your power to determine. Whether each day of your life shall give happiness or suffering rests with yourself.

—GEORGE S. MERRIAM.

I have now reigned above fifty years in victory or peace, beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies, and respected by my allies. Riches and honors, power and pleasure, have waited on my call, nor does any earthly blessing appear to have been wanting to my felicity. In this situation, I have diligently numbered the days of pure and genuine happiness which have fallen to my lot; they amount to fourteen. O man, place not thy confidence in this present world!

—CALIPH ABDALAHAN.

When a man feels within him the power to do what he undertakes as well as it can possibly be done, and all of his faculties say "Amen" to what he is doing and give their unqualified approval to his efforts—this is happiness.

—ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

The want of happiness has been the perpetual complaint of all ranks and conditions of men, from the beginning of the world to the present times; and at the rate they still go in, it is absolutely impossible that the complaint should cease. Happiness is a fruit always within their reach, but they will not give themselves the trouble to gather it. It is hourly at their doors as a friend, but they will not let it in. It solicits them in every shape, yet they reject its offers.

—ANONYMOUS.

Most people have parts and applications sufficient to learn the easy rules of whist, cribbage, and chess; and as soon as they are informed, what they little suspect, and will be delighted to hear, that happiness is a game, and a much greater and deeper one than even Faro or Hazard, I make no doubt that men, women, and children will immediately set themselves to learn the rules and finesses of this important play.

—ANONYMOUS.

## RULES AND DIRECTIONS FOR PLAYING AT THE ROYAL GAME OF HAPPINESS

When you begin a new game, recall to your memory the manner in which you played the foregoing one, that you may avoid a repetition of the same mistakes.

When you have well considered the card you are about to play, play it with steadiness and composure; and be sure not to betray any suspicion of your own ignorance.

When you shuffle or cut, do it above-board, to prevent any suspicion of deceit.

Whether you play a small or a great game, exert your best skill; and take care not to discover the badness of your hand by peevishness or fretting. * * *

Observe the play of others, and draw consequences from it for the improvement of your own game.

If you play at court, remember to hold up your hand, and attend to the finesses of the place. If you play your cards well there, you may conclude yourself a tolerable master of the game.

When you are in the country, play frequently with your neighbours and tenants; they generally

play better than finer folks, and will greatly improve you in the plain rules of the game.

Avoid the general error of this game, of fancying that everybody plays better at it than yourself. * * *

Whoever drops a card, loses it; and one card lost is of very bad consequence in the game.

When a card is once played, it can never be recalled.

Seldom play from your own hand; you win most by playing into the hands of other people.

Good-humour is a more necessary requisite at this game than good sense; but where both are joined, success is almost certain.

The greatest proficients in all other games are the most ignorant at this; the best players are those that practice most in their own families.

Kings and princes are generally strangers to the game, and their ministers want time to learn it. * * *

Most new-married couples are successful at first setting out; but before the whole pack is played, they commonly lose all attention to the game.

It is remarkable that young people play better than old; for avarice is the bane of the game.

—I. TILSON.
(Written in 1756.)

Long time I sought her; far and wide,
O'er sea and land, by wind and tide;
In busy mart and earthly treasure,
And in domestic love's full measure.

In all my quest I sought but this:
To know the ecstasy of bliss;
My only aim in all my stress
To fill my heart with Happiness.

Vain was my quest; oft as I strove
To fold her to my heart of love,
Like a coy nymph she sped away,
And left me sad for many a day.

At length I ceased the fruitless strife,
Sought but to live the nobler life,
My God to serve, mankind to bless,
And took no thought of Happiness.

How strange! So soon as I gave o'er
My selfish quest, she stood before
My raptured eyes with glad design,
And murmured softly she was mine.

And now I help the world's sore need,
And win her smile for every deed.
Ah! this her sweet and holy art:
To come, unsought, into my heart!

—LEANDER SYLVESTER KEYSER.

# THE BLESSING OF HEALTH



# THE BLESSING OF HEALTH

Oh, health! health! the blessing of the rich! the riches of the poor! who can buy thee at too dear a rate, since there is no enjoying the world without thee.

—BEN JONSON.

Happiness lies, first of all, in health.

—GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Health is the first of all liberties, and happiness gives us the energy which is the basis of health. To make any one happy, then, is strictly to augment his style of being, to double the intensity of his life, and reveal him to himself, to ennoble him and transfigure him.

—HENRI FREDERIC AMIEL.

He spent his health to get his wealth,
And then, with might and main,
He turned about and spent his wealth
To get his health again.

—SELECTED.

Ah! what avail the largest gifts of heaven
When drooping health and spirits go amiss!
How tasteless then whatever can be given!
Health is the vital principle of bliss,
And exercise of health. —JAMES THOMSON.

Refuse to be ill. Never tell people you are ill; never own it to yourself. Illness is one of those things which a man should resist on principle at the onset.

—EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON.

Look to your health; and if you have it, praise God and value it next to a good conscience: for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of — a blessing that money cannot buy; therefore value it, and be thankful for it.

—IZAAK WALTON.

There are three wicks you know to the lamp of a man's life: brain, blood and breath. Press the brain a little, its light goes out, followed by both the others. Stop the heart a minute, and out go all three of the wicks. Choke the air out of the lungs, and presently the fluid ceases to supply the other centres of flame, and all is soon stagnation, cold, and darkness. —OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

In these days half our diseases come from the neglect of the body in the overwork of the brain. In this railway age the wear and tear of labour and intellect go on without pause or self-pity. We live longer than our forefathers; but we suffer more from a thousand anxieties and cares. They fatigued only the muscles; we exhaust the finer strength of the nerves.

—EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON.

Seldom shall one see in rich families that athletic soundness and vigour of constitution which is seen in cottages where Nature is cook and Necessity caterer.

—ROBERT SOUTH.

A sound mind in a sound body is a short but full description of a happy state in this world: he that has these two has little more to wish for, and he that wants either of them will be but little the better for anything else.

—JOHN LOCKE.

Physicians, of all men, are most happy; whatever good success soever they have, the world proclaimeth; and what faults they commit, the earth covereth.

—FRANCIS QUARLES.

Better hunt in fields for health unbought
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend;
God never made His work for man to mend.

—JOHN DRYDEN.

A man's own observation, what he finds good of, and what he finds hurt of, is the best physic to preserve health.

—FRANCIS BACON.

Use three Physicians,
Still—first Dr. Quiet
Next Dr. Merry-man
And Dr. Dyet.

—SELECTED.

Lemira's sick; make haste, the doctor call.
He comes: but where's his patient?—at the ball;
The doctor stares; her woman curtsies low,
And cries, "My lady, sir, is always so:
Diversions put her maladies to flight;
True, she can't stand, but she can dance all night:
I've known my lady (for she loves a tune)
For fevers take an opera in June:
And, though perhaps you'll think the practice bold,
A midnight park is sov'reign for a cold."

—EDWARD YOUNG.

Know, then, whatever cheerful and serene
Supports the mind supports the body too.
Hence the most vital movement mortals feel
Is hope: the balm and life-blood of the soul.

—JOHN ARMSTRONG.

Health is the soul that animates all the enjoyments of life, which fade, and are tasteless, if not dead, without it. A man starves at the best and the greatest tables, makes faces at the noblest and most delicate wines, is poor and wretched in the midst of the greatest treasures and fortunes, with common diseases; strength grows decrepit, youth loses all vigour, and beauty all charms; music grows harsh, and conversation disagreeable; palaces are prisons, or of equal confinement; riches are useless, honour and attendance are cumbersome,—crowns themselves are a burden.

—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

Nor love, nor honour, wealth nor pow'r,
Can give the heart a cheerful hour
When health is lost. Be timely wise;
With health all taste of pleasure flies.

—JOHN GAY.

Health is certainly more valuable than money, because it is by health that money is procured; thousands and millions are of small avail to alleviate the protracted tortures of the gout, to repair the broken organs of sense, or resuscitate the powers of digestion.

—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

To be happy, is not only to be freed from the pains and diseases of the body, but from anxiety and vexation of spirit; not only to enjoy the pleasures of sense, but peace of conscience and tranquillity of mind.

—JOHN TILLOTSON.

Gold that buys health can never be ill spent,
Nor hours laid out in harmless merriment.

—JOHN WEBSTER.

Health and cheerfulness mutually beget each other.

—JOSEPH ADDISON.

Health induces happiness, and almost as often happiness induces health.

—SELECTED.

# THE QUEST OF HAPPINESS

## THE QUEST OF HAPPINESS

Happiness in this world, when it comes, comes incidentally. Make it the object of pursuit, and it leads us a wild-goose chase, and is never attained. Follow some other object, and very possibly we may find that we have caught happiness without dreaming of it; but likely enough it is gone the moment we say to ourselves, "Here it is!" like the chest of gold that treasure-seekers find.

—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Don't try to be happy. Happiness is a shy nymph, and if you chase her you will never catch her: but just go quietly on in the way of duty, and she will come to you.

—ELIPHALET NOTT.

Our aim is happiness; 'tis yours, 'tis mine,
He said, 'tis the pursuit of all that live,
Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attained;
But they the widest wander from the mark,
Who thro' the flowery paths of sauntering joy
Seek this coy goodness. —JOHN ARMSTRONG.

True happiness has no localities,—
No tones provincial, no peculiar garb.

—ROBERT POLLOK.

If you were born in Persia, you would not endeavour to live in Greece; but be happy in the place where you were. Why, then, if you are born in poverty, do you yearn to be rich, and not rather to be happy in the condition where you are?

—EPICTETUS.

There is nothing in which people deceive themselves so much as in the pursuit of happiness. There is only one way to find it. That is, by obeying the laws upon which we are built. We are constructed along the lines of truth and justice, and we cannot reach felicity by disobeying these, the very laws of our nature.

—ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

To give happiness and to do good, there is our only law, our anchor of salvation, our beacon light, our law for existing. Our religions may crumble away; so long as this survives we have still an ideal, and life is worth living.

—HENRI FREDERIC AMIEL.

Ye seek for happiness—alas, the day!
Ye find it not in luxury nor in gold,
Nor in the fame, nor in the envied sway
For which, O willing slave to Custom old,
Severe task mistress! ye your hearts have sold.

—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

If worldly good alone, we seek,
In vain will be the quest;
We'll find instead unhappiness,
And for the soul—unrest.

—ANNIE ROGERS NOYES.

You traverse the world in search of happiness which is within the reach of every man; a contented mind confers it on all.

—HORACE.

All men that have rambled after happiness have failed; neither learning, nor fame, nor wealth, nor pleasure, taken separately or jointly, could ever give it, without acting up to the height and dignity of human nature, and getting a right set of principles for thought and practice; amongst which may be reckoned the love of justice, temperance, fortitude and benevolence.

—MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS.

If you cannot be happy in one way, be in another; this facility of disposition wants but little aid from philosophy, for health and good humor are almost the whole affair. Many run about after felicity, like an absent man hunting for his hat, while it is in his hand or on his head.

—JOHN SHARP.

It may be a truth, that the balance of happiness and misery is much the same in most conditions of life, and consequently that no change of circumstances will either greatly enlarge the one, or diminish the other. But, while we know that, to obtain an object of our wishes, or to change our condition, is not to increase our happiness, we feel, at the same time, that the pursuit of this object, and the expectation of this change, can increase it in a very sensible degree. It is by hope that we truly exist; our only enjoyment is the expectation of something which we do not possess; the recollection of the past serves us but to direct and regulate those expectations; the present is employed in contemplating them; it is therefore the future which we may be properly said to enjoy.

—FRAZER TYTLER.

True happiness is to no spot confined;
If we preserve a firm and constant mind
'Tis here, 'tis everywhere.

—WYNNE.

Happiness is a butterfly, which, when pursued, is always just beyond your grasp, but which, if you will sit down quietly, may alight upon you.

—SELECTED.

Man courts happiness in a thousand shapes; and the faster he follows it the swifter it flies from him. Almost everything promiseth happiness to us at a distance, but when we come nearer, either we fall short of it, or it falls short of our expectation; and it is hard to say which of these is the greatest disappointment.

—JOHN TILLOTSON.

Happiness is like manna; it is to be gathered in grains, and enjoyed every day. It will not keep; it cannot be accumulated; nor have we got to go out of ourselves or into remote places to gather it, since it has rained down from Heaven, at our very doors.

—SELECTED.

The quest of happiness has a certain divine sanction, in that whoever in his pursuit of gold, offices, and honors, moves along a divinely appointed path, of necessity achieves another quest, and finds himself in possession of happiness.

—NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

The haunts of happiness are varied, but I have more often found her among little children, home firesides, and country houses than anywhere else.

—SYDNEY SMITH.

Not by appointment do we meet delight and joy,
They heed not our expectancy;
But round some corner in the streets of life,
They on a sudden clasp us with a smile.

—GERALD MASSEY.

From the beginning of things preachers and philosophers and poets have assured us that happiness lies in ourselves and not outside where we seek it so passionately and vainly. No one can smile genuinely, brightly, lovably, who does not possess inward joy.

—SELECTED.

Objects we ardently pursue bring little happiness when gained; most of our pleasures come from unexpected sources.

—HERBERT SPENCER.

The main difference, I believe, between two human beings lies in this, that the one finds his happiness where alone it is to be found, at his feet, while the other seeks it anywhere but there. At his feet—in the common arrangements of life, in the everyday relationships of life, in the patches of sunlight that lie even on the dreariest and most monotonous paths.

—JAMES THEW.

The sweetest bird builds near the ground,
  The loveliest flower springs low;
And we must stoop for happiness
  If we its worth would know.

—CHARLES SWAIN.

I am more and more impressed with the duty of finding happiness. One has to spend so many years in learning how to be happy! I never will believe that our youngest days are the happiest.

—GEORGE ELIOT.

There never was unearned happiness, yet thousands there be in quest of it, and some have thought for the moment that they held it in their grasp. The failure of this quest is the source of the great problems of society,—the labour problem, the social evil, and the thousand others which vex civilized society; problems which can never be solved until each man shall solve his own for himself. Each pleasure that comes to us free from effort and free from responsibility turns into misery in our hands.

—DAVID STARR JORDAN.

It is a great blunder in the pursuit of happiness, not to know when we have got it, not to be content with a reasonable and possible measure of it.

—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere;
'Tis nowhere to be found, or ev'rywhere:
'Tis never to be bought but always free.

—ALEXANDER POPE.

There is no such thing as finding true happiness by searching for it directly. It must come, by the service, the love, and the happiness we give to others.

—RALPH WALDO TRINE.

# THE HAPPINESS-MAKERS



## THE HAPPINESS-MAKERS

Blessed are the happiness-makers! Blessed are they that remove friction, that make the courses of life smooth, and the intercourse of men gentle!

—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

It is certainly very curious how rarely we stop to reflect upon the duty of being conscious of our happiness, of being pleasant, in fact, for the sake of other people's happiness. And it is so simple a duty, too, always at our hand!

—MARGARET DELAND.

The world delights in sunny people. The old are hungering for love more than for bread. The air of joy is very cheap; and if you can help the poor on with a garment of praise it will be better for them than blankets.

—HENRY DRUMMOND.

The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams that are bright all the time. To give up something, when giving up will prevent unhappiness; to yield, when persisting will chafe and fret others; to go a little around rather than come against another; to take an ill look or a cross word quietly, rather than resent or return it,—these are the ways in which clouds and storms are kept off, and a pleasant and steady sunshine secured.

—JOHN AIKEN.

There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behaviour, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can only consist in that majestic peace which is founded in the memory of happy and useful years, full of sweet records; and from the joining of this with that more majestic childishness, which is still full of change and promise—opening always—modest at once, and bright, with the hope of better things to be won, and to be bestowed. There is no old age when there is still that promise.

—JOHN RUSKIN.

They who bring sunshine to the hearts of others cannot keep it from themselves.

—JAMES M. BARRIE.

She doeth little kindnesses
  Which most leave undone or despise;
For nought which sets one's heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
  Is low-esteemed in her eyes.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Little kindnesses, pleasant words, little helps by the way, trifling courtesies, little encouragements, duties faithfully done, unselfish service, work that we enjoy, friendships, love and affection—all these are simple things, yet they are what constitute happiness.

—ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

A little thing, a sunny smile,
  A loving word at morn,
And all day long the day shone bright,
The cares of life were made more light,
  And sweetest hopes were born.

—SELECTED.

Is not making others happy the best happiness? To illuminate for an instant the depths of a deep soul, to cheer those who bear by sympathy the burden of so many sorrow-laden hearts and suffering lives, is to me a blessing and a precious privilege. There is a sort of religious joy in helping to renew the strength and courage of noble minds. We are surprised to find ourselves the possessors of a power of which we are not worthy, and we long to exercise it purely and seriously.

—HENRI FREDERIC AMIEL.

I expect to pass through this life but once. If therefore there is any kindness I can show, or any good I can do to any fellow-being, let me do it now, let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

—A. B. HEGEMAN.

Every individual will be the happier the more clearly he understands that his vocation consists, not in exacting service from others, but in ministering to others, in giving his life the ransom of many. A man who does this will be worthy of his food and will not fail to have it.

—ALEXEI TOLSTOI.

Those who have the most of happiness think the least about it. But in thinking about and in doing their duty happiness comes — because the heart and mind are occupied with earnest thought that touches at a thousand points the beautiful and sublime realities of the universe.

—WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

Let it be our happiness this day to add to the happiness of those around us, to comfort some sorrow, to relieve some want, to add some strength to our neighbours' virtue.

—WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

In the intercourse of social life, it is by little acts of kindness recurring daily and hourly, by words, tones, gestures, looks, that affection is won and preserved.

—GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

Kind words produce their own image in men's souls; and a beautiful image it is. They soothe and quiet and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.

—BLAISE PASCAL.

If any little word of ours can make one life the brighter;
If any little song of ours can make one heart the lighter;
God help us speak that little word, and take our bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale, and set the echoes ringing.

—SELECTED.

Pour forth all the odour, charm, and happiness you have to all your friends, to your home, to your daily society, to the poor and sorrowful, the joyous and the prosperous. Charm the world by love. Brighten darkened lives, soften the rude, make a sunshine of peace in stormy places, cover the faults and follies of men with the flowers of love.

—STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

Make a rule, and pray to God to help you to keep it, never, if possible, to lie down at night without being able to say: "I have made one human being a little wiser, or a little happier, or at least a little better this day."

—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Let's make life cheerful, though cynics complain—
The storm never gathers till some one needs rain.
Making life cheerful,
It's best to be born
With a smile in the heart
Than a lip turned in scorn.

Let's make life cheerful, though doubters defy—
With all of the shadows there's lots of blue sky.
Making life cheerful,
It's something to do
To keep the world sweet
When it feels that it's blue.

Let's make life cheerful, though pessimists smile—
The dream in the heart brings the bloom afterwhile.
Making life cheerful
For foe and for friend:
It's thus that the road
Meets the rose at the end.

—SELECTED.

What do we live for, if it is not to make life less difficult to each other?

—GEORGE ELIOT.

The greatest and most amiable privilege which the rich enjoy over the poor is that which they exercise the least,—the privilege of making them happy.

—CHARLES CALEB COLTON.

What, indeed, does not that word cheerfulness imply? It means a contented spirit, it means a pure heart, it means a kind and loving disposition, it means humility and charity, it means a generous appreciation of others, and a modest opinion of self.

—WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

A good temper is one of the principal ingredients of happiness. This, it may be said, is the work of nature, and must be born with us; yet sometimes it may be acquired by art, and always improved by culture. Almost every object that attracts our notice, has its bright and its dark side; he that habituates himself to look at the displeasing side, will sour his disposition, and consequently impair his happiness; while he who constantly beholds it on the bright side, insensibly meliorates his temper, and in consequence of it, improves his own happiness, and the happiness of all about him.

—SELECTED.

Surely happiness is reflective, like the light of heaven; and every countenance bright with smiles, and glowing with innocent enjoyment, is a mirror transmitting to others the rays of a supreme and ever-shining benevolence.

—WASHINGTON IRVING.

His lamps are we,
  To shine where He shall say,
And lamps are not for sunny rooms,
  Not for the light of day,
But for dark places of the earth,
Where shame and wrong and crime have birth;
Or for the murky twilight gray,
Where wandering sheep have gone astray;
Or where the light of faith grows dim,
And souls are groping after Him.
And as sometimes a flame we find
  Clear shining through the night—
So bright we do not see the lamp,
  But only see the light,
So we may shine—His light the flame,
That men may glorify His name.

—SELECTED.

You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people; why not make earnest efforts to confer that pleasure on others? You will find half the battle is gained if you never allow yourself to say anything gloomy.

—LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice
And the light of a pleasant eye.

—NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

Every man's experience will prove the truth of this observation; as it will teach him, both from what he feels in himself, and observes in others, that without a disposition for happiness, the benefits and blessings of life are bestowed upon him in vain; and that with it, even a bare exemption from poverty and pain is almost happiness enough.

—THOMAS MOORE.

# DOING GOOD



## DOING GOOD

Now, at a certain time, in pleasant mood,
He tried the luxury of doing good.

—GEORGE CRABBE.

The great high-road of human welfare and happiness lies along the high-way of steadfast well-doing, and they who are the most persistent and work in the truest spirit, will invariably be the most successful.

—SAMUEL SMILES.

God has so constituted our nature that we cannot be happy unless we are, or think we are the means of good to others.—We can scarcely conceive of greater wretchedness than must be felt by him who knows he is wholly useless in the world.

—ERSKINE MASON.

Do all the good you can
By all the means you can
In all the ways you can
In all the places you can
As long as ever you can.

—JOHN WESLEY.

Our benevolence may be exerted, in contriving schemes to do good to others, which, even though they should never take effect, will still afford a pleasing exercise to the mind, and contribute to preserve that heavenly disposition in its full vigour, and make us more ready to pursue and embrace all such opportunities as may afterwards be found.

—HENRIETTA M. BOWDLER.

Oh! 'tis easy
To beget great deeds; but in the rearing of them—
The threading in cold blood each mean detail,
And furze brake of half-pertinent circumstance—
There lies the self-denial. —CHARLES KINGSLEY.

The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth, and to have it found out by accident.

—CHARLES LAMB.

When I die, I should be ashamed to leave enough to build me a monument if there were a wanting friend above ground. I would enjoy the pleasure of what I give by giving it alive and seeing another enjoy it.

—ALEXANDER POPE.

Proportion thy charity to the strength of thy estate, lest God proportion thy estate to the weakness of thy charity; let the lips of the poor be the trumpet of thy gift, lest in seeking applause, thou lose thy reward. Nothing is more pleasing to God than an open hand and a close mouth.

—FRANCIS QUARLES.

He left a load of anthracite
In front of a poor woman's door,
When the deep snow, frozen and white,
Wrapped street and square, mountain and moor.
That was his deed.
He did it well.
"What was his creed?"
I cannot tell.

—SELECTED.

It is an old saying, that charity begins at home, but this is no reason it should not go abroad. A man should live with the world as a citizen of the world; he may have a preference for the particular quarter or square, or even alley, in which he lives, but he should have a generous feeling for the welfare of the world.

—RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

I have no respect for that self-boasting charity which neglects all objects of commiseration near and around it, but goes to the end of the earth in search of misery, for the purpose of talking about it.

—GEORGE MASON.

Think that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no noble action done.

—JACOB BOBART.

Little deeds of kindness, little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden like the heaven above.

—JULIA A. CARNEY.

The happiness of life may be greatly increased by small courtesies in which there is no parade, whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little acts of attention.

—LAWRENCE STERNE.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles, and kindness and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.

—SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught,
Of cool refreshment, drain'd by fever'd lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarian juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.

—THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

To complain that life has no joys while there is a single creature whom we can relieve by our bounty, assist by our counsels, or enliven by our presence, is to lament the loss of that which we possess, and is just as irrational as to die of thirst with the cup in our hands.

—WILLIAM MELMOTH.

Oh, if the selfish knew how much they lost,
What would they not endeavor, not endure,
To imitate, as far as in them lay,
Him who his wisdom and his power employs
In making others happy!

—SAMUEL ROGERS.

The luxury of doing good surpasses every other personal enjoyment.

—JOHN GAY.

Never did any soul do good, but it came readier to do the same again, with more enjoyment. Never was love, or gratitude, or bounty practised, but with increasing joy, which made the practiser still more in love with the fair act.

—EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

The heart, unalter'd in its mood,
That joys alone in doing good,
And follows in the heavenly road,
And steps where once an angel trod,—
The joys within such heart that burn,
No loss can quench, nor time o'erturn!

—JAMES HOGG.

Every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action. —JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

A good deed is never lost: he who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love: pleasure bestowed upon a grateful mind was never sterile, but generally gratitude begets reward.

—BASIL.

# THE OIL OF MIRTH



## THE OIL OF MIRTH

Mirth is God's medicine. Everybody ought to bathe in it. Grim care, moroseness, anxiety — all this rust of life ought to be scoured off by the oil of mirth. It is better than emery. Blessed is he who has a sense of the humorous! He has that which is worth more than money.

—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

What was talked of as the golden chain of Jove, was nothing but a succession of laughs, a chromatic scale of merriment, reaching from earth to Olympus.

—DOUGLAS JERROLD.

If we consider the frequent reliefs we receive from laughter, and how often it breaks the gloom which is apt to depress the mind, one would take care not to grow too wise for so great a pleasure in life.

—JOSEPH ADDISON.

Laugh at your friends; and if your friends are sore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more.

—ALEXANDER POPE.

Laugh not too much; the witty man laughs least:
For wit is news only to ignorance:
Lesse at thine own things laugh; lest in the jest
Thy person share, and the conceit advance.

—GEORGE HERBERT.

Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food, but God has given us wit, and flavor, and brightness, and laughter to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to charm his pained steps o'er the burning marle.

—SYDNEY SMITH.

Laugh, and be fat, sir, your penance is known,
They that love mirth, let them heartily drink,
'Tis the only receipt to make sorrow sink.

—BEN JONSON.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.

—JOHN MILTON.

"Beware," said Lavater, "of him who hates the laughter of a child."—"I love God and little children," was the simple yet sublime sentiment of Richter.

—LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

I love it, I love it—the laugh of a child,
Now rippling and gentle, now merry and wild;
Ringing out on the air with its innocent gush,
Like the trill of a bird in the twilight's soft hush,
Floating up on the breeze like the tones of a bell,
Or the music that dwells in the heart of a shell,
Oh, the laugh of a child, so wild and so free,
Is the merriest sound in the world for me!

—ATHELWOOD.

You hear that boy laughing? You think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done.
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

It is a good thing to laugh, at any rate; and if a straw can tickle a man, it is an instrument of happiness. Beasts can weep when they suffer, but they cannot laugh.

—JOHN DRYDEN.

Happiness is no laughing matter.

—RICHARD WHATELEY.

Man is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter; is he not also the only one that deserves to be laughed at?

—FULKE GREVILLE.

A merrier man,
Within the limits of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a merry-moving jest.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Honest good humor is the oil and wine of a merry meeting, and there is no jovial companionship equal to that where the jokes are rather small and the laughter abundant.

—WASHINGTON IRVING.

Laughing cheerfulness throws the light of day on all the paths of life; the evil fog of gloom hovers in the distance; sorrow is more confusing and distracting than so-called giddiness.

—JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

It may be remarked in general, that the laugh of men of wit is for the most part but a faint, constrained kind of half-laugh, as such persons are never without some diffidence about them; but that of fools is the most honest, natural, open laugh in the world.

—SIR RICHARD STEELE.

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt;
And every Grin, so merry, draws one out.

—JOHN WOLCOTT (Peter Pindar).

There is nothing like fun, is there? I haven't any myself, but I do like it in others. We need all the counterweights we can muster to balance the sad relations of life. God has made sunny spots in the heart; why should we exclude the light from them?

—THOMAS C. HALIBURTON.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. Learn to tell a story. A well told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick room. Learn to keep your troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and your sorrows. Learn to do something for others.

—SELECTED.

Keep your face with sunshine lit,
Laugh a little bit.
Gloomy shadows oft will flit,
If you have the wit and grit
Just to laugh a little bit.

—EDMUND VANCE COOK.

Man waz made tew smile, tew laff, tew haw! tew thro up his hat, and sing halleluger. Man was made to praze God, and he cant dew it bi mourning. Awl the mourning thare iz in this wurld wuz introduced bi man; man warnt made tew mourn any more than he waz made tew crawl.

—HENRY W. SHAW (Josh Billings).

I'd laugh to-day—to-day is brief;
I would not wait for anything;
I'd use to-day that cannot last,
Be glad to-day and sing.

—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep and you weep alone;
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
And has trouble enough of its own.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

# DOMESTIC HAPPINESS



## DOMESTIC HAPPINESS

Domestic Happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise, that has survived the fall!

—WILLIAM COWPER.

Who can wonder that domestic happiness should be a theme dear to poetry, and that it should have called forth some of the sweetest strains of fancy and of feeling? Or who can be surprised, that of all the sweets which present themselves in the vista of futurity, to the eye of those who are setting out on the journey of life, this should excite the most ardent desires, and engage the most active pursuits?

—JOHN ANGELL JAMES.

O fortunate, O happy day,
When a new household finds its way
Among the myriad homes of earth,
Like a new star just sprung to birth,
And rolled on its harmonious way
Into the boundless realms of space!

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

When home is ruled according to God's word, angels might be asked to stay with us, and they would not find themselves out of their element.

—CHARLES HADDEN SPURGEON.

A man who in the struggles of life has no home to retire to, in fact or in memory, is without life's best rewards and life's best defences.

—JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

The first indication of domestic happiness is the love of one's home.

—M. DE MONTLOSIER.

Six things are requisite to create a "happy home." Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, lighted up with cheerfulness; and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; while over all, as a protecting canopy and glory, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God.

—ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

The domestic relations precede, and, in our present existence, are worth more than all our other social ties. They give the first throb to the heart, and unseal the deep fountains of its love. Home is the chief school of human virtue. Its responsibilities, joys, sorrows, smiles, tears, hopes, and solicitudes form the chief interest of human life.

—WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

Home's not merely four square walls,
  Though with pictures hung and gilded:
Home is where affection calls,
  Filled with shrines the heart hath builded!
Home! go watch the faithful dove,
  Sailing 'neath the heaven above us;
Home is where there's one to love!
  Home is where there's one to love us!
Home's not merely roof and room,
  It needs something to endear it;
Home is where the heart can bloom,
  Where there's some kind lip to cheer it!
What is home with none to meet,
  None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet,—and only sweet,—
  When there's one we love to meet us!

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

—ROBERT BURNS.

It was the policy of the good old gentleman to make his children feel that home was the happiest place in the world; and I value this delicious home-feeling as one of the choicest gifts a parent can bestow.

—WASHINGTON IRVING.

Our home joys are the most delightful earth affords, and the joy of parents in their children is the most holy joy of humanity.

—J. H. PESTALOZZI.

Stay, stay at home, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care;
To stay at home is best.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## THE INGLE-SIDE

It's rare to see the morning bleeze
  Like a bonfire frae the sea,
It's fair to see the burnie kiss
  The lip o' the flow'ry lea;
An' fine it is on green hillside,
  Where hums the bonnie bee,
But rarer, fairer, finer far
  Is the Ingle-side for me.

Glens may be gilt wi' gowans rare,
  The birds may fill the tree;
And haughs hae a' the scented ware
  That simmer-growth can gie:
But the canty hearth where cronies meet,
  An' the darling o' our e'e,
That makes to us a warl' complete:
  O, the Ingle-side for me!

—HEW AINSLIE.

Without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man?—a world without a sun.

—THOMAS CAMPBELL.

How happy home might generally be made but for foolish quarrels, or misunderstandings, as they are well named! It is our own fault if we are querulous or ill-humoured; nor need we, though this is less easy, allow ourselves to be made unhappy by the querulousness or ill-humour of others. Too often we think only of the happiness of the moment, and sacrifice that of the life.

—SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

If you're cross an' sharp an' "snappy"
  From the break o' morn till night,
When you ought to be quite happy,
  That's a sign your heart's not right.
Take some blessed oil o' kindness,
  Aim it at your brother's heart,—
This will stop your slothful blindness,
  An' a perfect cure impart.

—BENJAMIN KEECH.

The secret of a home then is the adjustment of two souls together, so that they shall make each other richer by the veins of treasure they discover in the mine of each. It is marvellous how two souls thus adjusted grow in happiness.

—THOMAS R. SLICER.

To Adam paradise was home.—To the good among his descendants, home is paradise.

—JULIAN CHARLES HARE.

If ever household affections and loves are graceful things, they are graceful in the poor. The ties that bind the wealthy and the proud to home may be forged on earth, but those which link the poor man to his humble hearth are of the true metal and bear the stamp of heaven.

—CHARLES DICKENS.

The little smiling cottage! where at eve
He meets his rosy children at the door,
Prattling their welcomes, and his honest wife,
With good brown cake and bacon slice, intent
To cheer his hunger after labor hard.

—JOHN DYER.

Are you not surprised to find how independent of money peace of conscience is, and how much happiness can be condensed in the humblest home? A cottage will not hold the bulky furniture and sumptuous accommodations of a mansion; but if God be there, a cottage will hold as much happiness as might stock a palace. —JAMES HAMILTON.

A house is never perfectly furnished for enjoyment unless there is a child in it rising three years old, and a kitten rising six weeks.

—ROBERT SOUTHEY.

God sends children for another purpose than merely to keep up the race—to enlarge our hearts; and to make us unselfish and full of kindly sympathies and affections; to give our souls higher aims; to call out all our faculties to extended enterprise and exertion; and to bring round our firesides bright faces, happy smiles, and loving, tender hearts.—My soul blesses the great Father, every day, that He has gladdened the earth with little children.

—MARY HOWITT.

There are idols of hearts and of households;
  There are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
  His glory still gleams in their eyes;
Those truants from home and from Heaven
  They have made me more manly and mild;
And I know now how Jesus could liken
  The Kingdom of God to a child.

—CHARLES M. DICKENSON.

The coarsest father gains a new impulse to labor from the moment of his baby's birth.—Every stroke he strikes is for his child.—New social aims, and new moral motives come vaguely up to him.

—THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

I love these little people; and it is not a slight thing, when they, who are so fresh from God, love us.

—CHARLES DICKENS.

Where children are not, heaven is not, and heaven if they come not again shall be never:
But the face and the voice of a child are assurance of heaven, and its promise for ever.

—ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

A babe in the house is a well-spring of pleasure, a messenger of peace and love, a resting-place for innocence on earth, a link between angels and men.

—MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

I do not like punishments.—You will never torture a child into duty;—but a sensible child will dread the frown of a judicious mother more than all the rods, dark rooms, and scolding school-mistresses in the universe.—ANDREW DICKSON WHITE.

Be very vigilant over thy child in the April of his understanding, lest the frost of May nip his blossoms.—While he is a tender twig, straighten him: whilst he is a new vessel, season him; such as thou makest him, such commonly shalt thou find him.—Let his first lesson be obedience, and his second shall be what thou wilt.

—FRANCIS QUARLES.

Women know
The way to rear up children (to be just);
They know a simple, merry, tender knack
Of tying sashes, fitting baby-shoes,
And stringing pretty words that make no sense,
And kissing full sense into empty words;
Which things are corals to cut life upon,
Although such trifles.

—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Could we understand half what mothers say and do to us when infants, we should be filled with such conceit of our own importance as would make us insupportable through life.—Happy is the child whose mother is tired of talking nonsense to him before he is old enough to know the sense of it.

—JULIAN CHARLES HARE.

What gift has Providence bestowed on man that is so dear to him as his children?

—CICERO.

In praise of little children I will say
God first made man, then found a better way
For woman, but His third way was the best.
Of all created things, the loveliest
And most divine are children. Nothing here
Can be to us more gracious or more dear.
And though, when God saw all His works were good,
There was no rosy flower of babyhood,
'Twas said of children in a later day
That none could enter Heaven save such as they.

—WILLIAM CANTON.

Who is not attracted by bright and pleasant children, to prattle, to creep, and to play with them?

—EPICTETUS.

In many a home a world of happiness would be saved, if only each one were content to *love* without asking or wondering just how much love he gets in return.

—A. J. HAYNES.

A little child, a limber elf,
Singing, dancing to itself,
A fairy thing with red round cheeks
That always finds and never seeks,
Makes such a vision to the sight
As fills a father's eyes with light.

—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

The first duty to children is to make them happy.—If you have not made them so, you have wronged them.—No other good they may get can make up for that. —THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON.

In the man whose childhood has known caresses and kindness there is always a fibre of memory that can be touched to gentle issues. —GEORGE ELIOT.

Never fear spoiling children by making them too happy. Happiness is the atmosphere in which all good affections grow—the wholesome warmth necessary to make the heart-blood circulate healthily and freely; unhappiness—the chilling pressure which produces here an inflammation, there an excrescence, and, worst of all, "the mind's green and yellow sickness"—ill-temper. —ANN E. BRAY.

Give the children holidays,
(And let these be jolly days,)
Grant freedom to the children in this joyous spring;

Better men, hereafter,
Shall we have, for laughter
Freely shouted to the woods, till all the echoes ring.

Send the children up
To the high hill's top,
Or deep into the wood's recesses, to woo spring's caresses.

—EDWARD TOUL.

Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may bloom forth.

—DOUGLAS JERROLD.

To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambitions, the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution.

—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

The sweetest and happiest homes—homes to which men in weary life look back with yearning too deep for tears; homes whose recollections linger round our manhood like light and the sunshine and the sweet air, into which no base things can intrude —are homes where brethren dwell together in unity; where, because all love God, all love their brothers also; where, because all are very dear to all, each is dearer to each than to himself.

—FREDERIC WILLIAM FARRAR.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
  And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our joys must flow,
  And that dear hut, our home.

—NATHANIEL COTTON.

For there are two heavens, sweet,
  Both made of love,—one, inconceivable
Ev'n by the other, so divine it is;
The other, far on this side of the stars,
By men called home.

—LEIGH HUNT.

## HOME AND HEAVEN

With the same letter heaven and home begin,
And the words dwell together in the mind;
For they who would a home in heaven win,
Must first a heaven in home begin to find.
Be happy here, yet with a humble soul
That looks for perfect home in heaven;
For what thou hast is earnest of the whole
Which to the faithful shall at last be given.
As once the patriarch, in a vision blessed,
Saw the swift angels hastening to and fro,
And the lone spot whereon he lay to rest
Became to him the gate of heaven below;
So may to thee, when life itself is done,
Thy home on earth and heaven above be one.

—JONES VERY.

If there's a heaven upon the earth, a fellow knows it when
He's been away from home a week, and then gets back again.
If there's a heaven above the earth, there often, I'll be bound,
Some homesick fellow meets his folks, and hugs 'em all around.

—WILL CARLETON.

## HOME, SWEET HOME

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no place like Home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call,—
Give me them,—and the peace of mind, dearer than all!

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no place like Home!

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile!
Let others delight mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh, give me, the pleasures of home!

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no place like Home!

To thee I'll return, overburdened with care;
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam;
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no place like Home!

—JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

Home ought to be a little heaven on earth. It can be. It was meant to be. But the number of unhappy homes is legion; and the number of homes not definitely unhappy, but vaguely uncomfortable and unsatisfactory is pitifully beyond compute. Yet there are only two essential conditions of home happiness, both perfectly come-at-able by any reasonable human being. "Freedom and sympathy," as one wise woman has put it, "are the cornerstones of home," and any home can be built happily upon them.

—SELECTED.

Home is the chief school of human virtue. Its responsibilities, joys, sorrows, smiles, tears, hopes, and solicitudes form the chief interest of human life.

—WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

Ah! there are no longer any children!

—JEAN BAPTISTE MOLIERE.

Home should be an oratorio of the memory, singing to all our after life melodies and harmonies of old-remembered joy. —HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The plays of natural lively children are the infancy of Art. — Children live in a world of imagination and feeling. — They invest the most insignificant object with any form they please, and see in it whatever they wish to see.

—ADAM GOTTLOB OEHLENSCHLAGER.

Think not the good,
The gentle deeds of mercy thou hast done,
Shall die forgotten all: the poor, the pris'ner,
The fatherless, the friendless, and the widow,
Who daily own the bounty of thy hand,
Shall cry to heav'n, and pull a blessing on thee.

—NICHOLAS ROWE.

# THE HOUSE OF JOY



## THE HOUSE OF JOY

O Joy, hast thou a shape?
Hast thou a breath?
How fillest thou the soundless air?
Tell me the pillars of thy house!
What rest they on? Do they escape
The victory of Death?
And are they fair
Eternally, who enter in thy house?
O Joy, thou viewless spirit, canst thou dare
To tell the pillars of thy house?

—HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

Take Joy home,
And make a place in thy great heart for her,
And give her time to grow, and cherish her!
Then will she come, and often sing to thee,
When thou art working in the furrows! Ay,
Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.
It is a comely fashion to be glad,—
Joy is the grace we say to God.

—JEAN INGELOW.

To pursue joy is to lose it. The only way to get it is to follow steadily the path of duty, without thinking of joy, and then, like sleep, it comes most surely unsought, and we "being in the way," the angel of God, bright-haired Joy, is sure to meet us.

—ALEXANDER MACLAREN.

We know but little of joy, and, as for the joy of living! Most of us have missed that altogether. If you doubt this, look at the faces you meet in the streets and the stores; at those you see in the windows, or which, in passing, nod to you from country roadsides and fields. Or study the faces near you in trains and railway stations. Sorrow and anxiety have furrowed some; hurry and worry have distorted others. Many are lengthened by despair, with eyes lowered in grief, and brows knitted in serious thought. Now and then you will find a face uplifted by patience. At rarer intervals you will encounter laughter and smiles—benedictions upon you as you pass. But when do you ever find joy, except on the faces of children?*

—LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH.
(From "The Joy of Life.")

*Courtesy of Frederick A. Stokes Co.

"I have no name;
I am but two days old."
—"What shall I call thee?"
—"I happy am;
Joy is my name."
—Sweet joy befall thee!

Pretty joy!
Sweet joy, but two days old.
Sweet joy I call thee:
Thou dost smile,
I sing the while,
Sweet joy befall thee!

—WILLIAM BLAKE.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

—JOHN KEATS.

Joy! joy! in freedom, worship, love! Joy in the ecstasy of life!
Enough to merely be! enough to breathe!
Joy! joy! all over joy!

—WALT WHITMAN.

## THE JOY O' LIFE*

Oh, the Joy o' Life goes singing through the high-
way,
Oh, the Joy o' Life goes singing through the
green,
And the form of her is slight as a crescent moon
at night,
And her face is some strange flower none hath
seen.
She beckoned me and what could I but follow?
(Oh, I have seen the glamour of her eyes!)
Through the winding o' the ways, through the hun-
dred nights and days
Must I follow where she lures me woman-wise.

My plough—I left it idle in the furrow—
My harvest lies for other eyes to scan,
For it's fare ye well to loam, to hearthstone and
to home
When the Joy o' Life is calling to a man.

Oh, the Joy o' Life, she calls me from the valley,
Oh, the Joy o' Life, she hails me from the height,
And her voice is like the thrill of the thrush when
noon is still,
And her laughter is the lilting of delight.

*Courtesy of Mitchell Kennerley, New York.

I follow through the sunshine and the moonshine—
(Oh, I have seen the waving of her hand!)
In the paths that know the fleet, flying touches of her feet
At the music of her mocking of command.

—THEODOSIA GARRISON.

Joy is the happiness of love. It is love exulting. It is love aware of its own felicity, and resting in riches, which it has no fear of exhausting. It is love taking a view of its treasures, and surrendering itself to bliss without foreboding.

—JAMES HAMILTON.

What is joy? A sunbeam between two clouds.

—MADAME DELUZY.

Joy demands that its joy should be shared. The man who has found his sheep that was lost calls together his neighbours, and bids them rejoice with him because he has found the sheep that was lost. Joy is more social than grief. Joy finds its counterpart in the sunshine and the flowers, and the birds and the little children, and enters easily into all the movements of life.

—HUGH BLACK.

Pleasures lie thickest where no pleasures seem:
There's not a leaf that falls upon the ground
But holds some joy, of silence or of sound,
Some sprite begotten of a summer dream.
The very meanest things are made supreme
With innate ecstasy. No grain of sand
But moves a bright and million-peopled land,
And hath its Edens and its Eves, I deem.

—LAMON BLANCHARD.

All who joy would win
Must share it.—Happiness was born a twin.

—LORD BYRON.

Intermeddle not with another's joy but let him know that you are glad he is joyous.

—HENRY CLAY TRUMBULL.

True joy is a serene and sober motion; and they are miserably out that take laughing for rejoicing: the seat of it is within, and there is no cheerfulness like the resolutions of a brave mind, that has fortune under its feet.

—SENECA.

Let the inward house have a gate that swings easy and does not creak on its hinges. Let truthful transparencies stand for the panes of plate-glass, and patiently listening ears be doors which no just petition seeks in vain. Let a watchful conscience dust and sweep and wash every nook and corner. Ventilate with every honest opinion that blows. Then under this little but wondrous arch and dome guarding the brain,—instrument of the soul,—will be joy.

—CYRUS AUGUSTUS BARTOL.

He who bends to himself a joy
Does the wingèd life destroy;
But he who kisses the joy as it flies
Lives in eternity's sunrise.

—WILLIAM BLAKE.

Joy is the sweet voice, joy the luminous cloud.
We in ourselves rejoice
And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colours a suffusion from that light.

—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Can joy minister to grief? Yes, joy alone can. It is not night that ministers to night; it is nightlessness. To meet the clouds of others I should myself be clear. . . . Let me catch the morning rays ere I confront the evening shadows! My heart will be a minister to the night when there is no night there.

—GEORGE MATHESON.

Life, when hospitably taken, is a simple affair. Very little suffices to enrich us. Being, a fountain and fireside, a web of cloth, a garden, a few friends and good books, a chosen task, health and peace of mind,—these are a competent estate, embracing all we need.

—AMOS BRONSON ALCOTT.

Life is short—while we speak it flies; enjoy then the present, and forget the future; such is the moral of ancient poetry, a graceful and a wise moral,—endulged beneath a southern sky, and all deserving the phrase applied to it,—"the philosophy of the garden."

—EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON.

To-day whatever may annoy,
The word for me is Joy, just simple Joy;
The joy of life;
The joy of children and of wife;
The joy of bright blue skies;
The joy of rain; the glad surprise
Of twinkling stars that shine at night;
The joy of winged things upon their flight;
The joy of noon-day, and the tried
True joyousness of eventide;
The joy of labour, and of mirth;
The joy of air and sea and earth—
The countless joys that ever flow from Him
Whose vast beneficence doth dim
The lustrous light of day,
And lavish gifts upon our way.
Whate'er there be of Sorrow,
I'll put off till To-morrow,
And when To-morrow comes; why, then,
'Twill be To-day and Joy again!

—JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

'Tis happiness to feel, "I am content."

—H. W. WILLING.

Have you found your life distasteful?
My life did, and does, smack sweet.
Was your youth of pleasure wasteful?
Mine I saved and hold complete.
Do your joys with age diminish?
When mine fail me, I'll complain.
Must in death your daylight finish?
My sun sets to rise again.

—ROBERT BROWNING.

Better than praise and better than gold,
And better than rank by a thousand fold,
Is the bloom of health with a mind at rest,
And peace at home as a loving guest.
To have a heart that is warm within,
To live a life unstained by sin,
To dare the right with a courage bold,
Is better than hoarding piles of gold.

—VIRGIL A. PINKLEY.

Happiness depends on the taste, and not on the thing, and it is by having what we like, that we are made happy, and not by having what others consider likable.

—FRANCOIS, DUC DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

# HAPPINESS IN WORK



## HAPPINESS IN WORK

The happy people are those who have work which they love, and a hobby of a totally different kind which they love even better.

—ARTHUR C. BENSON.

I ask again, what is happiness? It ain't bein' idle, that's a fact—no idle man or woman ever was happy, since the world began. Eve was idle, and that's the way she got tempted, poor critter; employment gives both appetite and digestion. Duty makes pleasure doubly sweet by contrast. When the harness is off if the work ain't too hard, a critter likes to kick up his heels. When pleasure is the business of life, it ceases to be pleasure; and, when it's all labour and no play, work, like an unstuffed saddle, cuts into the very bone. Neither labour nor idleness has a road that leads to happiness—one has no room for the heart, and the other corrupts it. Hard work is the best of the two, for that has, at all events, sound sleep—the other has restless pillows and unrefreshin' sleep—one is misfortune, the other is a curse; and money ain't happiness, that's as clear as mud.

—JOHN HALIBURTON.

The happiest thing that can befall us is to have work given us that requires us to be true to ourselves, and that will count in large benefits to others. There is little pleasure in a daily routine of toil which can be just as well performed by anybody else; but there is abundant happiness in taking up tasks for which we have prepared ourselves, and which would perhaps never be as well done by another. In other words, it is a great privilege to find our own work and get leave to do it.

—LUCY LARCOM.

A certain degree of labour and exertion seems to have been allotted us by Providence, as the condition of humanity. *"In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread,"* this is a curse which has proved a blessing in disguise. And those favoured few who, by their rank or their riches, are exempted from all exertion have no reason to be thankful for the privilege.

—CHARLES CALEB COLTON.

None so little enjoy themselves, and are such burdens to themselves, as those who have nothing to do.—Only the active have the true relish of life.

—JOHN JAY.

Not understanding that God ordained work, the world thought that so long as Adam had no need of work he was in paradise; but when he goes forth to earn his living by the sweat of his brow, the angel with the flaming sword pronounces a curse upon him, that curse being work.

—NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

I have lived to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of "too many irons in the fire," conveys an abominable lie. You cannot have too many—poker, tongs, and all—keep them all going.

—ADAM CLARKE.

No man can be happy who is conscious of being a drone, of shirking his share in the great world's work, who knows that he is taking all the good things he can get hold of in life's great granary, put there by the toilers, and is putting nothing back.

—ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

He that thinks that diversion may not lie in hard labour forgets the early rising and hard riding of huntsmen.

—JOHN LOCKE.

I earn what I eat, get what I wear: owe
No man hate, envy no man happiness; glad of other
Men's good, content with my harm.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Work never hurts any one. Work is one of the conditions of long life and happiness, of health and success. Work itself is one of the greatest blessings. I would not exchange the seventy years of hard work that God has given me for all the gold of the nation, for in that work we touch the hand of the Lord Jesus Christ.

—HENRY FOSTER.

"I have had a very happy life," he said to me once with a smile. "Looking back, it seems as though my later happiness had soaked backwards through the whole fabric, so that my joy in age has linked itself as by a golden bridge to the old childish rapture."

—ARTHUR C. BENSON.

The labor of the body relieves us from the fatigue of the mind, and this it is which forms the happiness of the poor.

—FRANCIS, DUC DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

"One of the things that I am thankful for every day that I live is for my share in the world's work," said a wise and busy woman. "I am thankful that my hands are full." The blessing of the full hands and the full days is one that we sometimes fail to appreciate until illness or some misfortune forces us to stand aside for a time while the eager, useful procession passes by without us. A vital part in the world we live in, a head and a hand for its work, a heart for its needs, its joys, its burdens, and faith for its outlook—these are the best gifts that can be ours for healthful and happy days.

—SELECTED.

Ah! the joy of unexpected holidays! their ecstasy must be forever missing to the habitually leisure class.

—MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT.

Play while you play and work while you work; and though play is a mighty good thing, remember that you had better never play at all than to get into a condition of mind where you regard play as the serious business of life, or where you permit it to hamper and interfere with your doing your full duty in the real work of the world.

—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Let us be content in work,
To do the thing we can, and not presume
To fret because it's little.

—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I think this is the true holiday—to be one's simplest self, forget the past and ignore the future.

—HENRY DRUMMOND.

In one of his letters, Stevenson says: "We fared forth with *holiday faces,*" and the phrase is a happy one. Children's faces betray their pleasures transparently enough, but grown folk, too, to a greater or less degree, keep holiday gladly, and at such seasons emerge from responsibilities with "holiday faces."

—JOSEPHINE C. GOLDMARK.

The life of woman is full of woe,
Toiling on and on and on,
With breaking heart, and tearful eyes,
The secret longings that arise,
Which this world never satisfies!
Some more, some less, but of the whole
Not one quite happy, no, not one!

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Do the work that's nearest,
Though 'tis dull at whiles;
Helping when they need it
Lame dogs over stiles.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

I have often thought there has not been sufficient pains taken in finding out proper employment and diversions for the fair ones. . . . The toilet is their great scene of business, and the right adjusting of their hair the principal employment of their lives. The sorting of a suit of ribands is reckoned a very good morning's work; and if they make an excursion to a mercer's or a toy-shop, so great a fatigue makes them unfit for anything else all the day after. Their more serious occupations are sewing and embroidery, and their greatest drudgery the preparation of jellies and sweetmeats. This, I say, is the state of ordinary women.

—JOSEPH ADDISON.

Every man owes it to himself to have some days in his life when he escapes from bondage, gets away from routine, and does something which seems to have no purpose in the world, just because he wants to do it.

—HENRY VAN DYKE.

## THE HAPPY HOUR

The busy day is over,
  The household work is done;
The cares that fret the morning
  Have faded with the sun;
And in the tender twilight,
  I sit in happy rest,
With my precious rosy baby
  Asleep upon my breast.

White lids with silken fringes
  Shut out the waning light;
A little hand close folded,
  Holds mamma's fingers tight;
And in their soft white wrappings,
  At last in perfect rest,
Two dainty feet are cuddled
  Like birdies in a nest.

All hopes and loves unworthy
  Fade out at this sweet hour;
All pure and noble longings
  Renew their holy power;
For Christ, who in the Virgin
  Our motherhood has blest,
Is near to every woman
  With a baby on her breast.

—MARY FRANCES BUTTS.

The works of women are symbolical.
We sew, sew, prick our fingers, dull our sight,
Producing what? A pair of slippers, sir,
To put on when you're weary—or a stool
To tumble over and vex you . . . curse that stool!
Or else at best, a cushion where you lean
And sleep, and dream of something we are not,
But would be for your sake.

—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Employment, which Galen calls "nature's physician," is so essential to human happiness, that indolence is justly considered as the mother of misery.

—ROBERT BURTON.

God intends no man to live in this world without working; but it seems to me no less evident that He intends every man to be happy in his work.

—JOHN RUSKIN.

"I hate to see a man's arms drop down as if he was shot, before the clock's fairly struck, just as if he'd never a bit of pride and delight in 's work. The very grindstone 'ull go on turning a bit after you loose it."

—GEORGE ELIOT.

## A SADDENED TRAMP

"Now unto yonder wood-pile go,
Where toil till I return;
And feel how proud a thing it is
A livelihood to earn."
A saddened look came o'er the tramp;
He seemed like one bereft.
He stowed away the victuals cold,
He—saw the wood, and left.

—SELECTED.

Sulky labor and the labor of sorrow are little worth. Whatever a man does with a guilty feeling he is apt to do wrong; and whatever he does with a melancholy feeling he is likely to do by halves.

—SAMUEL WILBERFORCE.

The morning light falls gently on the eyes
And wakes the sleeping men;
And bids them rise and haste to meet the day,
And find their work again.
No one is asked to choose what he will do,
Or take the task loved best,
For God allots the places, and each one
Obeys His high behest.

—MARIANNE FARRINGHAM.

That which causes us to lose most of our time is the repugnance which we naturally have to labour.

—JOHN DRYDEN.

It is not work that kills men, it is worry. Work is healthy, you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction. Fear secretes acids, but love and trust are sweet juices.

—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Give us, oh, give us, the man who sings at his work. Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He does more in the same time—he will do it better—he will persevere longer.

—THOMAS CARLYLE.

Joy in one's work is the consummate tool, without which the work may be done indeed, but without which the work will always be done slowly, clumsily, and without its finest perfectness.

—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Any one can carry his burden, however heavy, till nightfall. Any one can do his work, however hard, for one day. Any one can live sweetly, patiently, lovingly, purely, till the sun goes down. And this is all that life ever really means.

—SELECTED.

Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us;
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
  Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow!
  Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

—FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

There is but one pursuit in life which it is in the power of all to follow, and of all to attain. It is subject to no disappointments, since he that perseveres makes every difficulty an advancement, and every conquest a victory; and this is the pursuit of virtue.

—CHARLES CALEB COLTON.

# THE WORLD OF BOOKS

## THE WORLD OF BOOKS

Dreams, books, are each a world: and books we
know
Are a substantial world, both pure and good,
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Many books belong to sunshine, and should be read out of doors. Clover, violets, and hedge roses breathe from their leaves; they are most lovable in cool lanes, along field paths, or upon stiles overhung by hawthorn, while the blackbird pipes and the nightingale bathes its brown feathers in the twilight copse.

—WILLMOTT.

A book is a garden, an orchard, a store-house, a party, a company by the way, a counsellor, a multitude of counsellors.

—HENRY WARD BEECHER.



## A BOOK OF HAPPINESS

I have a garden all mine own,
  Wherein I stroll in deep forgetfulness
Of all that round me lies of sorrows, pain
  And cares, where play live founts of happiness.

And wouldst thou know what gard'n is this I own?
  Well, every book's a flower with heavenly scent,
And all my books my garden is. I'd fain
  Give up the world and live with books content.

—J. V. DI SANTO.

It is books that teach us to refine our pleasures when young, and to recall them with satisfaction when we are old.

—LEIGH HUNT.

The man whose bosom neither riches nor luxury nor grandeur can render happy may, with a book in his hand, forget all his torments under the friendly shade of every tree; and experience pleasures as infinite as they are varied, as pure as they are lasting, as lively as they are unfading, and as compatible with every public duty as they are contributory to private happiness.

—JOHANN GEORG VON ZIMMERMANN.

Oh, for a booke and a shadie nooke,
  Eyther in-a-doore or out;
With the grene leaves whispering overhede,
  Or the street cryes all about.
Where I maie reade all at my ease,
  Both of the newe and olde;
For a jollie goode booke whereon to looke,
  Is better to me than golde.

—AVEBURY.

And as for me, though than I konne but lyte,
On bokes for to rede I me delyte,
And to hem yeve I feyth and ful credence,
And in myn herte have hem in reverence
So hertely, that ther is game noon,
That fro my bokes maketh me to goon,
But yt be seldome on the holy day.
Save, certeynly, when that the monthe of May
Is comen, and that I here the foules synge.
And that the floures gynnen for to sprynge,
Farwel my boke, and my devocion.

—GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

He who writes prose builds his temple to Fame in rubble; he who writes verse builds it in granite.

—EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON.

When the ways are heavy with mire and rut,
In November fogs, in December snows,
When the North Wind howls, and the doors are shut,—
There is place and enough for the pains of prose;
But whenever a scent from the whitethorn blows,
And the jasmine-stars at the casement climb,
And a Rosalind-face at the lattice shows,
Then hey! for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

* * * * * *

In the work-a-day world,—for its needs and woes,
There is place and enough for the pains of prose;
But whenever the May-bells clash and chime,
Then hey! for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

—AUSTIN DOBSON.

Worthy books
Are not companions—they are solitudes:
We lose ourselves in them and all our cares.

—PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

The foolishest book is a kind of leaky boat on a sea of wisdom; some of the wisdom will get in anyhow.

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

He that many bokes redys,
Cunnynge shall he be.
Wysedome is soone caught;
In many leues it is sought:
But slouth, that no boke bought,
For reasin taketh no thought;
His thryfte cometh behynde.

"THE KALENDER OF SHEPHERDS," 1528.

I armed her against the censures of the world, showed her that books were sweet and unreproaching companions to the miserable, and that if they could not bring us to enjoy life, they would at least teach us to endure it.

—OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

He ate and drank the precious words,
His spirit grew robust;
He knew no more that he was poor,
Nor that his frame was dust.
He danced along the dingy days,
And this bequest of wings
Was but a book. What liberty
A loosened spirit brings.

—EMILY DICKENSON.

As friends and companions, as teachers and consolers, as recreators and amusers, books are always with us, and always ready to respond to our wants. We can take them with us in our wanderings, or gather them around us at our firesides.

—JOHN ALFRED LANGFORD.

Books!—the chosen depositories of thoughts, the opinions and aspirations of mighty intellects,—like wondrous mirrors that have caught and fixed bright images of souls that have passed away; like magic lyres, whose masters have bequeathed them to the world, and which yet of themselves ring with unforgotten music, while the hands that touched their chords have crumbled into dust.

—EDWIN H. CHAPIN.

These are the masters who instruct us without rods and ferules, without hard words and anger, without clothes or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if investigating you interrogate them, they conceal nothing; if you mistake them, they never grumble; if you are ignorant, they cannot laugh at you.

RICHARD DE BURY, Bishop of Durham, 1473.

The pleasant books, that silently among
Our household treasures take familiar places,
And are to us as if a living tongue
Spake from the printed leaves or pictured faces!

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

I, no sooner, saith he, come into the library, but I bolt the door to me, excluding lust, avarice, and all such vices, whose nurse is idleness, the mother of ignorance, and melancholy herself, and in the very lap of eternity, amongst so many divine souls, I take my seat, with so lofty a spirit and sweet content, that I pity all our great ones and rich men that know not this happiness.

—ROBERT BURTON.

They bind together the different scattered divisions of our personal identity. They are landmarks and guides in our journey through life. They are pegs and loops on which we can hang up, or from which we can take down, at pleasure, the wardrobe of a moral imagination, the relics of our best affections, the tokens and records of our happiest hours. They are "for thoughts and for remembrance."

—WILLIAM HAZLITT.

They support us under solitude, and keep us from being a burthen to ourselves. They help us to forget the crossness of men and things, compose our cares and our passions, and lay our disappointments asleep. When we are weary with the living we may repair to the dead, who have nothing of peevishness, pride, or design, in their conversation.

—JEREMY COLLIER.

Who gets more out of life: the man who toils and moils the livelong day and is too tired at night to do anything but sit, sodden, after dinner, at home or at the club, or witness the most frivolous of plays or musical farces at the theatre?—or the one who has taken the trouble to provide himself with intellectual resources?

—THE NEW YORK TIMES.

I like some human beings better than books, but not many. Books have one very great advantage over people; you can put them aside whenever you don't care to be with them any longer. Moreover, I can make a contemptuous mouth and say, "Pshaw! all bosh!" when a book says what I don't like, but it won't do to treat people with so much freedom.

—LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

Next to a friend's discourse, no morsel is more delicious than a ripe book; a book whose flavor is as refreshing at a thousandth tasting as at the first.

—AMOS BRONSON ALCOTT.

I own I am disposed to say grace upon other occasions besides my dinner. Why have we no form of grace for books,—those spiritual repasts? A grace before Milton; a grace before Shakespeare; a devotional exercise to be said before reading the Faerie Queene?

—CHARLES LAMB.

When there is no recreation or business for thee abroad, thou mayest then have a company of honest old fellows, in leathern jackets, in thy study, which may find thee excellent divertisement at home.

—THOMAS FULLER.

A blessed companion is a book! A book that, fitly chosen, is a life-long friend. A book, — the unfailing Damon to his loving Pythias. A book that, at a touch, pours its heart into our own.

—DOUGLAS JERROLD.

'Tis a dull sight
  To see the year dying,
When winter winds
  Set the yellow wood sighing:
    Sighing, O sighing!

When such a time cometh
  I do retire
Into an old room
  Beside a bright fire:
    O pile a bright fire!

And there I sit
  Reading old things,
Of knights and lorn damsels,
  While the wind sings—
    O, drearily sings!

I never look out
  Nor attend to the blast;
For all to be seen
  Is the leaves falling fast:
    Falling, falling!

But close at the hearth,
  Like a cricket, sit I
Reading of summer
  And chivalry—
    Gallant chivalry!

—EDWARD FITZGERALD.

It comes to this,
The truest bliss
For great or small
Is free to all;
Like the fresh air,
Like flowerets fair,
Like night or day,
Like work or play;
And books that charm or make us wiser,
Are better comrades than a Kaiser.

—WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

Much depends upon when and where you read a book. In the five or six impatient minutes before the dinner is quite ready, who would think of taking up the Faerie Queene, for a stop-gap, or a volume of Bishop Andrew's sermons?

—CHARLES LAMB.

No matter what his rank or position may be, the lover of books is the richest and the happiest of the children of men.

—JOHN ALFRED LANGFORD.

The books that charmed us in youth recall the delight ever afterwards; we are hardly persuaded there are any like them, any deserving equally our affections. Fortunate if the best fall in our way during this susceptible and forming period of our lives.

—AMOS BRONSON ALCOTT.

If a book come from the heart, it will contrive to reach other hearts; all art and authorcraft are of small amount to this.

—THOMAS CARLYLE.

I have ever gained the most profit, and the most pleasure, also, from the books that have made me think the most: And, when the difficulties have once been overcome, these are the books which have struck the deepest root, not only in my memory and understanding, but likewise in my affections.

—J. C. AND A. W. HARE.

Neglect no opportunity of doing good, nor check thy desire of doing it by a vain fear of what may happen.

—FRANCIS ATTERBURY.

# THE CHARM OF MUSIC



## THE CHARM OF MUSIC

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm.
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please;
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.

—ALEXANDER POPE.

All musical people seem to be happy; it is to them the engrossing pursuit; almost the only innocent and unpunished passion.

—SYDNEY SMITH.

I pant for the music which is divine;
My heart in its thirst is a dying flower;
Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine,
Loosen the notes in a silver shower;
Like a herbless plain for the gentle rain
I gasp, I faint till they wake again.

—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Of all the liberal arts, music has the greatest influence over the passions, and is that to which the legislator ought to give the greatest encouragement. A well-composed song strikes and softens the mind, and produces a greater effect than a moral work, which convinces our reason, but does not warm our feelings, nor effect the slightest alteration in our habits.

—NAPOLEON I.

Music is the fourth great material want of our nature,—first food, then raiment, then shelter, then music.

—CHRISTIAN BOVEE.

And thou, sweet Music, dancing's only life,
The ear's sole happiness, the air's best speech,
Loadstone of fellowship, charming-rod of strife,
The soft mind's paradise, the sick man's leech—
With own tongue thou trees and stones canst teach,
That, when the air doth dance her finest measure,
Then art thou born, the gods' and men's sweet pleasure.

—SIR JOHN DAVIS.

Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to Heav'n.

—ALEXANDER POPE.

If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! It had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour!

—SHAKESPEARE.

And sure there is music even in the beauty, and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument; for there is music wherever there is harmony, order, or proportion; and thus far we may maintain the music of the spheres.

—SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

There's music in the sighing of a reed;
There's music in the gushing of a rill;
There's music in all things, if men had ears;
Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.

—LORD BYRON.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our human ears,
  If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
  And let the bass of Heaven's deep organ blow;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

—JOHN MILTON.

"This *must* be music," said he, "of the *spears*. For I am cursed if each note of it doesn't run through one!"

—THOMAS MOORE.

The meaning of song goes deep. Who is there that, in logical words, can express the effect music has on us? A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that!

—THOMAS CARLYLE.

Music was a thing of the soul—a rose-lipped shell that murmured of the eternal sea—a strange bird singing the songs of another shore.

—JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

## INFLUENCE OF MUSIC

Orpheus, with his lute, made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
  Bow themselves when he did sing;
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting Spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
  Hung their heads and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
  Killing care, and grief of heart—
  Fall asleep, or, hearing, die!

—SHAKESPEARE.

Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
I've read that things inanimate have moved
And, as with living souls, have been inform'd
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.

—WILLIAM CONGREVE.

Call in sweet music, I have heard soft airs
Can charm our senses and expel our cares.

—JOHN NESTELL DENHAM.

Tunes and airs have in themselves some affinity with the affections; as merry tunes, doleful tunes, solemn tunes, tunes inclining men's mind to pity, warlike tunes; so it is no marvel if they alter the spirits, considering that tunes have a predisposition to the motion of the spirits.

—FRANCIS BACON.

With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave;
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the heart replies.

—WILLIAM COWPER.

God is its author, and not man; He laid
The keynote of all hamonies; He planned
All perfect combinations, and He made
Us so that we could hear and understand.

—JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth.

—IZAAK WALTON.

That which I have found the best recreation both to my mind and body, whensoever either of them stands in need of it, is music, which exercises at once both body and soul; especially when I play myself; for then, methinks, the same motion that my hand makes upon the instrument, the instrument makes upon my heart. It calls in my spirits, composes my thoughts, delights my ear, recreates my mind, and so not only fits me for after business, but fills my heart at the present with pure and useful thoughts; so that when the music sounds the sweetliest in my ears, truth commonly flows the clearest into my mind. And hence it is that I find my soul is become more harmonious by being accustomed so much to harmony, and so averse to all manners of discord that the least jarring sounds, either in notes or words, seem very harsh and unpleasant to me.

—WILLIAM BEVERIDGE.

In the germ, when the first trace of life begins to stir, music is the nurse of the soul; it murmurs in the ear, and the child sleeps; the tones are companions of his dreams,—they are the world in which he lives.

—ANTOINE BETTINI.

Music, the greatest good that mortals know
And all of heaven we have below.

—JOSEPH ADDISON.

There is sweet music here that softer falls
  Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night dews on still waters between walls
  Of shadowy granite in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentler on the spirit lies
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

For the beauty of a lovely woman is like music: what can one say more?

—GEORGE ELIOT.

Of all the arts beneath the heaven
That man has found or God has given,
None draws the soul so sweet away,
As music's melting, mystic lay;
Slight emblem of the bliss above,
It soothes the spirit all to love.

—JAMES HOGG.

## ON HEARING A LITTLE MUSIC-BOX

Hallo!—what?—where, what can it be
That strikes up so deliciously?
I never in my life—what? no!
That little tin box playing so?
It really seemed as if a sprite
Had struck among us swift and light,
And come from some minuter star
To treat us with his pearl guitar.

—LEIGH HUNT.

Of all the arts, great music is the art
To raise the soul above all earthly storms.

—CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

Among the instrumentalities of love and peace, surely there can be no sweeter, softer, more effective voice than that of gentle, peace-breathing music.

—ELIHU BURRITT.

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## A REMEDY FOR THE DUMPS

When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.

—JOHN KEATS.

There's a song in my heart for the days that are gone;
O! the merry, mad days of the yesternight,
When we sang to success with our cares in pawn,
When our purses were lean and our hearts were light—
No regret for to-day with to-morrow in sight,
And no thought of to-morrow because 'twas to-day.

—S. SCOTT STINSON.

# THE HEART'S SONG



## THE HEART'S SONG

Only when the song of God's love is singing in our hearts are we ready for the day.

—JAMES R. MILLER.

The heart is like an instrument whose strings
Steal noble music from Life's many frets:
The golden threads are spun thro' Suffering's fire,
Wherewith the marriage-robes for heaven are woven:
And all the rarest hues of human life
Take radiance, and are rainbow'd out in tears.

—GERALD MASSEY.

God sent His Singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Let us try to make our lives like songs, brave, cheery, tender and true, that shall sing themselves into other lives, and so help to lighten burdens and cares.

—SELECTED.

## THE SINGING HEART

Thou Heart! why dost thou lift thy voice?
  The birds are mute; the skies are dark;
Nor does a living thing rejoice;
  Nor does a living creature hark;
  Yet thou art singing in the dark.

How small thou art; how poor and frail;
  Thy prime is past; thy friends are chill;
Yet as thou hadst not any ail
  Throughout the storm thou liftest still
  A praise that winter cannot chill.

Then sang that happy heart's reply:
 "God lives, God loves, and hears me sing;
How warm, how safe, how glad am I,
  In shelter 'neath His spreading wing!—
  And there I cannot choose but sing."

—DANSKE DANDRIDGE.

How beautiful it is to be alive!
  To wake each morn as if the Maker's grace
Did us afresh from nothingness derive,
  That we might sing, "How happy is our case!
How beautiful to be alive."

—HENRY SEPTIMUS SUTTON.

Touch your lips with gladness and go singing on your way,
Smiles will strangely lighten every duty;
Just a little word of cheer may span a sky of gray
With hope's own heaven-tinted bow of beauty.

Wear a pleasant face wherein shall shine a joyful heart,
As shines the sun, the happy fields adorning;
To every care-beclouded life some ray of light impart,
And touch your lips with gladness every morning.

—NIXON WATERMAN.

The melody in your soul will echo the melody you have sung or spoken. Persist in the practice, speaking always in kindly tones, looking out of kindly eyes, cherishing kindly feelings, and the habit of kindliness and good cheer will become a second nature. Your face will be transfigured by the spirit's high endeavour, and the light of it will comfort and stimulate yourself and others with the power of living sunshine.

—SARA HUBBARD.

Am I wrong to be always so happy? This world is full of grief;
Yet there is laughter of sunshine to see the crisp green leaf,
Daylight is ringing with song birds, and brooklets crooning by night,
And why should I make a shadow where God makes all so bright?

Earth may be wicked and weary, yet I cannot help being glad;
There is sunshine without and within me, and how should I mope and be sad?
God would not flood me with blessings, meaning me only to pine,
Amidst all the bounties and beauties He pours upon me and mine!
Therefore will I be grateful, and therefore will I rejoice!
My heart is singing within me! Sing on, O heart and voice.

—WALTER SMITH.

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

—SHAKESPEARE.

## THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE

'Twas a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
Tall and slender, and sallow and dry;
His form was bent, and his gait was slow,
His long thin hair was white as snow,
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye,
And he sang every night as he went to bed,
"Let us be happy down here below;
The living should live, though the dead be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue long ago.

—GEORGE ARNOLD.

Our lives are songs; God writes the words,
And we set them to music at pleasure,
And the song grows glad, or sweet, or sad,
As we choose to fashion the measure;
We must write the music, whatever the song,
Whatever its rhyme or metre,
And if it is glad, we may make it sad,
Or if sweet, we may make it sweeter.

—SELECTED.

I swing on as one in a dream—I swing
Down the airy hollows, I shout, I sing!
The world is gone like an empty word:
My body's a bough in the wind, my heart a bird!

—EDWIN MARKHAM.

Last night I heard a robin singing in the rain,
And the raindrops' patter made a sweet refrain,
Making all the sweeter the music of the strain.

So, I thought, when trouble comes, as trouble will,
Why should I stop singing? Just beyond the hill
It may be that sunshine floods the green world still.

He who faces trouble with a heart of cheer
Makes the burden lighter. If there falls a tear,
Sweeter is the cadence in the song we hear.

I have learned your lesson, bird of dappled wing,
Listening to your music with its lilt of spring,
When the storm-cloud darkens, then's the time to sing.

—EBEN E. REXFORD.

I opened the door of my heart. And behold,
There was music within and a song.
And echoes did feed on the sweetness, repeating it long.

I opened the door of my heart. And behold,
There was music that played itself out in æolian notes;
Then was heard, as a far-away bell at long intervals tolled.

—JEAN INGELOW.

A lady rang a door-bell and waited. Meanwhile she heard a musical voice evidently from the cellar ringing forth in a rollicking song, accompanied by a noise of shovelling. She rang again. A youth came to the door and laughed, saying: "You must have been highly entertained." "I did enjoy your music, truly," she replied. The singer explained: "You see, I don't like to shovel ashes one bit, so I always tune up when it has to be done. It seems to make the job shorter or easier, some way." Wasn't that good philosophy? It is very adjustable philosophy, too; can be made to fit many situations. It is always guaranteed to work altogether better than sighs and frowns and sharp words when one has to do an unpleasant bit of work. Try it.

—SELECTED.

There are, in this loud-stunning tide
  Of human woe and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
  Of the everlasting chime:
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

—WILBUR F. SHERIDAN.

## PIPPA'S SONG

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled:
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

—ROBERT BROWNING.

Follow the lead of the sunshine, dear,
  Wherever the sunbeams fare;
Follow their way and you need not fear
  The shadow-folk anywhere.
Tripping along with a gladsome song,
Follow the sunbeams where they throng.

—FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

In this world, where there is so much sorrow, and so much unnecessary grief, of fret and worry, how grateful ought we be that God sends along here and there, a natural heart-singer, who, by his very carriage and spontaneous actions, calms, cheers, and helps his fellows. God bless the good-natured, for they bless everybody else.

—SELECTED.

# THE JOYS OF FRIENDSHIP



## THE JOYS OF FRIENDSHIP

Who knows the joys of friendship?
The trust, security, and mutual tenderness,
The double joys, where each is glad for both?
Friendship our only wealth, our last retreat and strength,
Secure against ill fortune and the world.

—NICHOLAS ROWE.

The books for young people say a good deal about the selection of friends; it is because they really have nothing to say about friends. They mean associates and confidants merely. . . . Friendship takes place between those who have an affinity for one another, and is a perfectly natural and inevitable result. No professions nor advances will avail.

—HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

Happy is the house that shelters a friend! it might well be built like a festal bower or arch, to entertain him a single day. Happier, if he knew the solemnity of that relation and honor its law.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

## EARLY FRIENDSHIP

O, is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry
Due but to one and crownèd with one crest.
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly.

—SHAKESPEARE.

It is a good and safe rule to sojourn in every place as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an opportunity of doing a kindness, or speaking a true word, or making a friend.

—JOHN RUSKIN.

At school, friendship is a passion. It entrances the being; it tears the soul. All loves of after-life can never bring its rapture or its wretchedness; no bliss so absorbing, no pangs of jealousy or despair so crushing and so keen!

—BENJAMIN DISRAELI, Lord Beaconsfield.

We just shake hands at meeting
With many that come nigh;
We nod the head in greeting
To many that go by,—
But welcome through the gateway
Our few old friends and true;
Then hearts leap up, and straightway
There's open house for you,
Old friends,
There's open house for you!

—GERALD MASSEY.

With a clear sky, a bright sun, and a gentle breeze, you will have friends in plenty; but let Fortune frown, and the firmament be overcast, and then your friends will prove like the strings of the lute, of which you will tighten ten before you find one that will bear the stretch and keep the pitch.

—JOHANN GOTTHOLD.

Go often to the house of thy friend, for weeds choke up the unused path.

—SCANDINAVIAN EDDA.

O summer friendship,
Whose flattering leaves, that shadow'd us in
Our prosperity, with the least gust drop off
In the autumn of adversity.

—PHILIP MASSENGER.

True friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity, before it is entitled to the appellation.

—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Sudden friendships generally come to sudden ends. True friendship is a plant of gradual growth, which needs for its perfection sun and air, watering and weeding.

—KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

If a man does not make new friendships as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendships in constant repair.

—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

There is no treasure the which may be compared unto a faithful friend;
Gold soone decayeth, and worldly wealth consumeth, and wasteth in the winde;
But love once planted in a perfect and pure minde endureth weale and woe;
The frownes of fortune, come they never so unkinde, cannot the same overthrowe.

—ROXBURGHE BALLADS.

We call that person who has lost his father, an orphan; and a widower, that man who has lost his wife. And that man who has known the immense unhappiness of losing his friend, by what name do we call him? Here every human language holds its peace in impotence.

—JOSEPH ROUX.

Friendship is a vase, which, when it is flawed by heat, or violence, or accident, may as well be broken at once; it can never be trusted after. The more graceful and ornamental it was, the more clearly do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state. Coarse stones, if they be fractured, may be cemented again; precious ones, never.

—WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Don't flatter yourself that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. The nearer you come into relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become. Except in cases of necessity, which are rare, leave your friend to learn unpleasant things from his enemies; they are ready enough to tell them.

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Every one must have felt that a cheerful friend is like a sunny day, which sheds its brightness all around; and most of us can, as we choose, make this world either a palace or a prison.

—SELECTED.

It is happiness to have some one "glad you are alive." No wonder that poor girls take their lives when they come to feel that not one face lights up because they are in the world, or would be shadowed if they left it. We who have the friends know how much of all earth's worth to us lies in certain eyes and faces, certain voices, certain hands. Fifty persons, or perhaps but five, make the wide world populous for us, and living in it beautiful.

—WILLIAM CHANNING GANNETT.

If you have a friend worth loving,
  Love him: Yes, and let him know
That you love him ere life's evening
  Tinge his brow with sunset glow;
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

Scatter thus your seed of kindness,
  All enriching as you go;
Leave them; trust the harvest-giver,
  He will make each seed to grow.
So, until life's happy end,
You shall never lack a friend.

—JOHN HOWARD BROWN.

When Socrates was building himself a house in Athens, being asked by one that observed the littleness of the design why a man so eminent would not have an abode more suitable to his dignity, he replied that he should think himself sufficiently accommodated if he could see that narrow habitation filled with real friends. —SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Friends are like melons. Shall I tell you why?
To find one good, you must a hundred try.

—CLAUDE MERMET.

There is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more; and no man that imparteth his grief to his friend, but he grieveth the less.

—FRANCIS BACON.

True happiness
Consists not in the multitude of friends,
But in the worth and choice.

—BEN JONSON.

We may have many acquaintances, but we can have but few friends; this made Aristotle say that he that hath many friends hath none.

—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

The man who hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumping you on your back
His sense of your great merit,
Is such a friend, that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed
To pardon or to bear it.

—WILLIAM COWPER.

Keep your undrest, familiar style
For strangers, but respect your friend.

—COVENTRY PATMORE.

Make not a bosom friend of a melancholy soul: he'll be sure to aggravate thy adversity, and lessen thy prosperity. He goes always heavily loaded; and thou must bear half. He's never in a good humor; and may easily get into a bad one, and fall out with thee.

—THOMAS FULLER.

Small service is true service while it lasts;
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one:
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the ling'ring dewdrop from the sun.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Strange as it may sound, we are sometimes rather disposed to choose our friends from the unworthy than the worthy; for though it is difficult to love those whom we do not esteem, it is a greater difficulty to love those whom we esteem much more than ourselves. A perfect friendship requires equality, even in virtue.

—HORACE SMITH (Paul Chatfield, M. D.).

We can never replace a friend. When a man is fortunate enough to have several, he finds they are all different. No one has a double in friendship.

—JOHANN VON SCHILLER.

What a great blessing is a friend with a breast so trusty that thou mayest safely bury all thy secrets in it, whose conscience thou mayest fear less than thine own, who can relieve thy cares by his conversation, thy doubts by his counsels, thy sadness by his good humor, and whose very looks give comfort to thee.

—SENECA.

Oh, what is life without a friend
To dissipate our gloom?
A path where naught but briars grow,
Where flowers never bloom.
'Tis friends who make this desert world
To blossom as the rose;
Strew flowers o'er our rugged path,
Pour sunshine o'er our woes.

—SELECTED.

It's an owersome sooth fo' age an' youth,
And it brooks wi' nae denial,
That the dearest friends are the auldest friends,
And the young are just on trial.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

We know not yet what life shall be,
  What shore beyond earth's shore be set;
What griefs await us, or what glee,
      We know not yet.
Still somewhere in sweet converse met,
  Old friends, we say, beyond death's sea
Shall meet and greet us, nor forget
Those days of yore, those years when we
  Were loved and true,—but will death let
Our eyes the longed-for vision see?
      We know not yet.

—SAMUEL WADDINGTON.

Friendship is steady and peaceful. It strengthens with time, and survives the small-pox and a wooden leg. It doubles our joys, divides our griefs, and warms our lives with a steady flame.

—CHARLES READE.

Friends are not best because they're old,
But old, because the years that rolled—
The years that try and mar and mend—
Have proved them worth the title friend.

—S. WEIR MITCHELL.

First on thy friend deliberate with thyself;
Pause, ponder, sift; not eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen: fixing, fix;—
Judge before friendship, then confide till death.

—EDWARD YOUNG.

My friend is one before whom I may be sincere. Before him I may think aloud.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Old friends are the great blessing of one's later years. Half a word conveys one's meaning. They have a memory of the same events, and have the same mode of thinking. I have young relations that may grow upon me, for my nature is affectionate, but can they grow old friends?

—HORACE WALPOLE.

We never know the true value of friends. While they live, we are too sensitive of their faults; when we have lost them, we only see their virtues.

—J. C. AND A. W. HARE.

# THE BLISS OF LOVE



## THE BLISS OF LOVE

Love! thou hast every bliss in store:
'Tis friendship, and 'tis something more;
Each other ev'ry wish they give:
Not to know love is not to live.

—JOHN GAY.

When God formed the rose, he said, "Thou shalt flourish and spread thy perfume." When He commanded the sun to emerge from chaos, he added, "Thou shalt enlighten and warm the world." When He gave life to the lark, He enjoined upon it to soar and sing in the air. Finally, He created man and told him to love. And seeing the sun shine, perceiving the rose scattering its odors, hearing the lark warble in the air, how can man help loving?

—ANASTASIA GRÜN.

There is no happiness in the world in which love does not enter; and love is but the discovery of ourselves in others, and the delight in the recognition.

—ALEXANDER SMITH.

That was the first sound in the song of love!
Scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound.
Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings
Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,
And play the prelude of our fate.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Love is indeed heaven upon earth; since heaven above would not be heaven without it; for where there is not love, there is fear; but "Perfect love casteth out fear." And yet we naturally fear most to offend what we most love.

—WILLIAM PENN.

Oh! if there be an elysium on earth,
It is this—
When two that are link'd in one heavenly tie
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die.

—THOMAS MOORE.

Love:—what a volume in a word, an ocean in a tear,
A seventh heaven in a glance, a whirlwind in a sigh,
The lightning in a touch, a millennium in a moment,
What concentrated joy or woe in blest or blighted love.

—MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
  Some in their wealth, some in their body's force;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;
  Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
And every humor hath its adjunct pleasure,
  Wherein it finds a joy above the rest;
But these particulars are not my measure;
  All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
  Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks and horses be;
  And having thee, of all men's pride I boast:
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
All this away, and me most wretched make.

—SHAKESPEARE.

"Whether love be natural or no," replied my friend, gravely, "it contributes to the happiness of every society into which it is introduced. All our pleasures are short, and can only charm at intervals: love is a method of protracting our greatest pleasure; and surely that gamester who plays the greatest stake to the best advantage will, at the end of life, rise victorious."

—OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Love, like the opening of the heavens to the saints, shows for a moment, even to the dullest man, the possibilities of the human race. He has faith, hope, and charity for another being, perhaps but a creature of his imagination. Still, it is a great advance for a man to be profoundly loving even in his imagination.

—SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

By love's delightful influence the attack of ill-humour is resisted, the violence of our passions abated, the bitter cup of affliction sweetened, all the injuries of the world alleviated, and the sweetest flowers plentifully strewed along the most thorny paths of life.

—JOHANN GEORG VON ZIMMERMANN.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed:
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green;
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven and heaven is love.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"Love rules the camp, the court, the grove; for love
Is heaven, and heaven is love": so sings the bard;
Which it were rather difficult to prove,
(A thing with poetry in general hard).
Perhaps there may be something in "the grove,"
At least it rhymes to "love": but I'm prepared,
To doubt (no less than landlords of their rental)
If "courts and camps" be quite so sentimental.

—LORD BYRON.

Young love-making, that gossamer web! Even the points it clings to—the things whence its subtle interlacings are swung—are scarcely perceptible: momentary touches of finger-tips, meetings of rays from blue and dark orbs, unfinished phrases, lightest changes of cheek and lip, faintest tremors. The web itself is made of spontaneous beliefs and indefinable joys, yearnings of one life toward another, visions of completeness, indefinite trust.

—GEORGE ELIOT.

To love is to place our happiness in the happiness of another.

—GOTTFRIED WILHELM VON LEIBNITZ.

## A BIT OF ADVICE

If ye would love and lovèd be,
In mind keep well these thinges three,
And sadly in thy breast imprint,—
Be secret, true and patient.

—WILLIAM DUNBAR.

And still, when a pair of lovers meet,
There's a sweetness in air, unearthly sweet,
That savors still of that happy retreat
Where Eve by Adam was courted:
Whilst the joyous thrush and the gentle dove
Woo'd their mates in the boughs above,
And the serpent, as yet, only sported.

—THOMAS HOOD.

The accents of love are all that is left of the language of paradise. —EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON.

Love is better than spectacles to make everything seem great. —SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

My spirit is singing,
  My happiness grows!
I cannot disguise it,
  My joy overflows.

Wise people around me
  Speak words wisdom fraught,
But I cannot listen,
  With joy I'm distraught.

My room is too narrow,
  The field is rose-pearled.
The valley's a-shimmer,
  How glorious the world!

My joy bursts all barriers,
  Sweeps on like a tide,
Far over the meadow,
  Oh, for a winged steed to ride!

I question in wonder
  What makes life so gay?
At once springs the answer:
  My love comes to-day.

—FROM THE GERMAN OF EICHENDORFF.
—Translated by Gene Branscome.

The greatest happiness of life is the conviction that we are loved, loved for ourselves, or rather loved in spite of ourselves.

—VICTOR HUGO.

To love one who loves you, to admire one who admires you, to be the idol of one's idol, is exceeding the limit of human joy; it is stealing fire from heaven.

—MADAME DE GIRARDIN.

O happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law:
All then is full, possessing and possess'd,
No craving void left aching in the breast;
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.

—ALEXANDER POPE.

I hold it true, whate'er befall,
I feel it when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

Love is the crowning grace of humanity, the holiest right of the soul, the golden link which binds us to duty and truth, the redeeming principle that chiefly reconciles the heart to life, and is prophetic of eternal good.

—PETRARCH.

Love will ever play a great part in human life to the end of time. It will be an immense element in its happiness, perhaps a still greater one in its sorrows, its disasters, its tragedies.

—R. W. CHURCH.

Oh, Love! young Love! bound in thy rosy band,
Let sage or cynic prattle as he will,
These hours, and only these, redeem Life's years
of ill.

—LORD BYRON.

Love is life's end (an end, but never ending);
All joyes, all sweetes, all happinesse, awarding;
Love is life's wealth (ne'er spent, but ever spending);
More rich by giving, taking by discarding;
Love is life's reward, rewarded in rewarding.

—PHINEAS FLETCHER.

The sentiment of love may be, and is, in a great measure, a fostered growth of poetry and romance, and balderdashed with false sentiment; but with all its vitiations, it is the beauty and the charm, the flavor and the fragrance, of all intercourse between man and woman; it is the rosy cloud in the morning of life; and if it does too often resolve itself into the shower, yet, to my mind, it only makes our nature more fruitful in what is excellent and amiable.

—WASHINGTON IRVING.

For we know not every morrow
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,
And all through the coming years
Just be glad.

—SELECTED.

Let us rejoice in life, in freedom, and in love.

—H. W. WILLING.

# THE WORKS OF NATURE



## THE WORKS OF NATURE

What more felicitie can fall to creature
  Than to enjoy delight with libertie,
And to be lord of all the workes of Nature,
  To raine in th' aire from earth to highest skie,
To feed on flowres and weeds of glorious feature.

—EDMUND SPENSER.

Nature indeed provides without stint the main requisites of human happiness. "To watch the corn grow, or the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over ploughshare or spade; to read, to think, to love, to pray," these, says Ruskin, "are the things that make men happy."

—SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

The man who can really, in living union of the mind and heart, converse with God through nature, finds in the material forms around him, a source of power and happiness inexhaustible, and like the life of angels.

—HARRIET A. CHEEVER.

The bubbling brook doth leap when I come by,
  Because my feet find measure with its call;
The birds know when the friend they love is nigh,
  For I am known to them, both great and small.
The flower that on the lonely hillside grows
  Expects me there when spring its bloom has given;
And many a tree and bush my wanderings knows,
  And e'en the clouds and silent stars of heaven;
For he who with his Maker walks aright,
  Shall be their lord as Adam was before;
His ear shall catch each sound with new delight,
  Each object wear the dress that then it wore;
And he, as when erect in soul he stood,
  Hear from his Father's lips that all is good.

—JONES VERY.

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Nature never deceives you: the rocks, the mountains, the streams, always speak the same language; a shower of snow may hide the verdant woods in spring, a thunder-storm may render the blue limpid streams foul and turbulent; but these effects are rare and transient: in a few hours, or at most in a few days, all the sources of nature are renovated. And nature affords no continued trains of misfortunes and miseries, such as depend upon the constitution of humanity; no hopes forever blighted in the bud, no beings, full of life, beauty, and promise, taken from us in the prime of youth.

—SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

There's never a rose in all the world
  But makes some green spray sweeter;
There's never a wind in all the sky
  But makes some bird wing fleeter;
There's never a star but brings to heaven
  Some silver radiance tender;
And never a rosy cloud but helps
  To crown the sunset splendor;
No robin but may thrill some heart
  His dawnlight gladness voicing.
God gives us all some small, sweet way
  To set the world rejoicing.

—SELECTED.

There is a charm connected with mountains, so powerful that the merest mention of them, the merest sketch of their magnificent features, kindles the imagination, and carries the spirit at once into the bosom of their enchanted regions. How the mind is filled with their vast solitude! How the inward eye is fixed on their silent, their sublime, their everlasting peaks! How our heart bounds to the music of their solitary cries, to the tinkle of the gushing rills, to the sound of their cataracts! How inspiriting are the odors that breathe from the upland turf, from the rock-hung flower, from the hoary and solemn pine! How beautiful are those lights and shadows thrown abroad, and that fine, transparent haze which is diffused over the valleys and lower slopes, as over a vast, inimitable picture!

—MARY HOWITT.

Happiness is a wayside flower, free to all who will pluck it, not a rare orchid only to be purchased by the rich. There is a bit of joy in every floating, fleecy cloud, every golden sunset tint in each day's evening sky. There is music in the free winds of heaven if hearts are a-tune to catch the harmony.

—M. G. WOODHULL.

Out of the songs of frailest birds,
  Out of the winds that veer,
My soul has winnowed deathless words
  Of faith and hope and cheer!

Out of the passing stars of night,
  And waning suns of day,
My soul has woven robes of light
  That shall not fade away!

Out of the lowering clouds above,
  And out of storm and stress,
My soul has gathered dews of love,
  And golden happiness.

—EDWARD W. MASON.

In contemplation of created things
By steps we may ascend to God.

—JOHN MILTON.

Surely there is something in the unruffled calm of nature that overawes our little anxieties and doubts: the sight of the deep blue sky, and the clustering stars above, seems to impart a quiet to the mind.

—JONATHAN EDWARDS.

To see in all mountains nothing but similar heaps of earth, in all rocks nothing but similar concretions of solid matter, in all trees nothing but similar accumulations of leaves, is no sign of high feeling or extended thought.

—JOHN RUSKIN.

Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdst
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Like a great poet, Nature produces the greatest results with the simplest means. There are simply a sun, flowers, water and love. Of course, if the spectator be without the last, the whole will present but a pitiful appearance, and, in that case, the sun is merely so many miles in diameter, the trees are good for fuel, the flowers are classified by stamens, and the water is simply wet.

—HEINRICH HEINE.

The soft blue sky did never melt
Into his heart; he never felt
The witchery of the soft blue sky!

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Cleon sees no charms in nature, in a daisy I;
Cleon hears no anthems ringing in the sea and sky;
Nature sings to me forever, earnest listener I;
State for state, with all attendants, who would change? Not I.

—CHARLES MACKAY.

It is a great mortification to the vanity of man that his utmost art and industry can never equal the meanest of nature's productions either for beauty or value.

—DAVID HUME.

In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against nature not to go out and see her riches, and partake of her rejoicing with heaven and earth.

—JOHN MILTON.

Nature ever yields reward
To him who seeks, and loves her best.

—BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (Barry Cornwall).

Up! up, my friend! and quit your books,
  Or surely you'll grow double;
Up! up, my friend! and clear your looks!
  Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountain's head,
  A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields has spread,
  His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife;
  Come, hear the woodland linnet—
How sweet his music! on my life,
  There's more of wisdom in it!

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
  He, too, is no mean preacher;
Come forth into the light of things—
  Let Nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
  Our minds and hearts to bless,—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
  Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood
  May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
  Than all the sages can.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Abusèd mortals! did you know
Where joy, heart's ease, and comforts grow,
  You'd scorn proud towers
  And seek them in these bowers,
Where winds, sometimes, our woods perhaps may
    shake,
But blustering care could never tempest make;
  Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
  Saving of fountains that glide by us.

—SIR HENRY WOLTON.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
  Singing at dawn on the alder bough,
I brought him home, in his nest at even;
  He sings the song, but it cheers not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky;—
He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

—SHAKESPEARE.

## IN THE QUIET OF NATURE

Farewell, thou busy world, and may
We never meet again;
Here I can eat and sleep and pray,
And do more good in one short day,
Than he who his whole age outwears
Upon the most conspicuous theatres,
Where nought but vanity and vice appears.

Good God! how sweet are all things here!
How beautiful the fields appear!
How cleanly do we feed and lie!
Lord! what good hours do we keep!
How quietly we sleep!
What peace, what unanimity!
How innocent from the lewd fashion,
Is all our business, all our recreation!

—CHARLES COTTON.

The soft south wind, the flowers amid the grass,
The fragrant earth, the sweet sounds everywhere,
Seemed gifts too great almost for man to bear.

—WILLIAM MORRIS.

## THE GIFT

O happy glow, O sun-bathed tree,
  O golden-lighted river,
A love-gift has been given me,
  And which of you is giver?

I came upon you something sad,
  Musing a mournful measure,
Now all my heart in me is glad
  With a quick sense of pleasure.

I came upon you with a heart
  Half-sick of life's vexed story,
And now it grows of you a part;
  Steeped in your golden glory.

A smile into my breast has crept
  And laughs through all my being,
New joy into my life has leapt,
  A joy of only seeing.

O happy glow, O sun-bathed tree,
  O golden-lighted river,
A love-gift has been given me,
  And which of you is giver?

—AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

O nature, how in every charm supreme!
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!
O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due!

—JAMES BEATTIE.

Look up, and behold the eternal fields of light that lie round the throne of God. Had no star ever appeared in the heavens, to man there would have been no heavens, and he would have laid himself down to his last sleep in a spirit of anguish, as upon a gloomy earth vaulted over by a material arch,—solid and impervious.

—THOMAS CARLYLE.

No greater happiness can come to me than to be alone with nature. A whispering grove, a broad expanse of green meadow, a softly murmuring stream, a towering mountain, or a gorgeously brilliant sunset, furnish such ecstasy as cannot be equalled by the most exquisite music.

—H. W. WILLING.

# THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS



## THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS

The happiest heart that ever beat
  Was in some quiet breast
That found the common day-light sweet,
  And left to heaven the rest.

—JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

You may think, in looking out upon the world, that the great difference between people is that some have many things to enjoy and others very few; when you know them better you will find that a greater difference is that some have great power to enjoy and others very little.

—RHONDDA WILLIAMS.

That the happiness and misery of the far greater part of mankind depends upon the fancy, need not be insisted on. *Crede quòd habes et habes,* "Think that you have, and you have," is a maxim not confined to those only within the walls of Bedlam.

—THORN.

There are no ills but what we make
  By giving shapes and names to things,—
Which is the dangerous mistake
  That causes all our sufferings.

We call that sickness which is health,
  That persecution which is grace,
That poverty which is true wealth,
  And that dishonor which is praise.

—CHARLES COTTON.

One of the secrets of happiness is found in the habitual emphasis of pleasant things, and the persistent casting aside of all malign elements. Men make their own world. We have read of a horticulturist who could not walk through a flower garden, and see a rose-bush covered with blossoms, without searching until he found at least one blighted leaf. There are men who cannot look upon a great picture without scrutinizing every inch of the canvas for some light or shade to criticise, and afterwards they recall only the blemish. Yet there never was a tree so beautiful that it did not have one broken bough. There never was a book so wise but that it had one untruth or overstatement. Even Helen's brow held one little blemish. Scientists tell us there are spots on the sun.

—NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

As for a little more money and a little more time, why, it is ten to one if either one or the other would make you a whit happier.

—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

It is a matter of economy to be happy, to view life and all its conditions from the brightest angle; It enables one to seize life at its very best. It expands the soul. —HORATIO WILLIS DRESSER.

The happiness of life consists, like the day, not in single flashes (of light), but in one continuous mild serenity. The most beautiful period of the heart's existence is in this calm equable light, even although it be only moonshine or twilight. Now the mind alone can obtain for us this heavenly cheerfulness and peace. —JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

It's no in books, it's no in lear,
To make us truly blest;
If happiness has not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest.

—ROBERT BURNS.

If you want to be miserable, think about yourself,—about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay to you, and what people think of you.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

How to be happy is the one desire common to all humanity. How to be happier is a better statement, for there is no one so miserable but has some degree of happiness at times—enjoys some moments when he forgets to be unhappy, and looks with appreciation, even if with only dull and bleared appreciation, upon the things that are always beautiful and joyful and free.

—HORACE FLETCHER.

If you would be useful and happy, if you would be strong and brave, believe in the future, believe in it for yourselves, believe in it for the world. Believe in a millennium of some kind or other.

—SAMUEL SMITH HARRIS.

Wisdom, which represents the marriage of truth and virtue, is by no means synonymous with gravity. She is L'Allegro as well as Il Penseroso, and jests as well as preaches.

—EDWIN PERCY WHIPPLE.

## THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE

Martial, the things that do attain
  The happy life be there, I find,—
The riches left, not got with pain;
  The fruitful ground, the quiet mind,

The equal friend; no grudge, no strife;
  No change of rule, nor governance;
Without disease, the healthful life;
  The household of continuance;

The mean diet, no delicate fare;
  True wisdom joined with simpleness;
The night dischargèd of all care,
  Where wine the wit may not oppress;

The faithful wife, without debate;
  Such sleeps as may beguile the night;
Contented with thine own estate,
Ne wish for death, ne fear his might.

—HENRY HOWARD, Earl of Surrey.

Wisdom, though richer than Peruvian mines,
And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,
What is she, but the means of happiness?
*That* unobtain'd, than folly more a fool.

—EDWARD YOUNG.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom,
And the man that getteth understanding:
For the merchandise of it is better than silver,
And the gain thereof than fine gold.
She is more precious than rubies:
And all the things thou canst desire are not to be
compared with her.
Length of days is in her right hand,
And in her left hand riches and honor.
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

—PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

Would Wisdom for herself be wooed,
And wake the foolish from his dream,
She must be glad as well as good,
And must not only be, but seem:
Beauty and joy are hers by right;
And knowing this, I wonder less
That she's so scorned, when falsely dight
In misery and ugliness.

—COVENTRY PATMORE.

Life is a mirror for king and for slave,
'Tis just what you are and do,
Then give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you.

—SELECTED.

It was, we own, subject of much debate;
And worthy men stood on opposing sides
Whether the cup of mortal life had more
Of sour or sweet. Vain question this, when asked
In general terms, and worthy to be left
Unsolved. If most was sour, the drinker, not
The cup we blame. Each in himself the means
Possessed, to turn the bitter sweet, the sweet to bitter.

—ROBERT POLLOK.

I frequently meet with men past sixty who complain that their friends and companions are dead and they are unable to find new ones to take their places. So they say life is very dull and uninteresting. These unfortunate people have not found the true secret of happiness at any age. It is to be part of each generation, to be a participant in its work and in its play, to appreciate its fun and not laugh at its follies, to be an elder brother in your church associations, in your political organizations, in your club life, in your fraternity, so alert and valuable in your activities that you are welcomed by the youngest, and the experience of venerable years gives a value to your advice which commands the attention of all. This appreciation and applause is the most healthful of tonics and one of the best aids to vigorous longevity.

—CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

The things to be desired for man in a healthy state, are that he should not see dreams, but realities; that he should not destroy life, but save it; and that he should not be rich, but content. . . . The most helpful and sacred work, therefore, which can at present be done for humanity, is to teach people (chiefly by example, as all best teaching must be done) not how to "better themselves," but how to "satisfy themselves." . . . . And, in order to teach men how to be satisfied, it is necessary fully to understand the art and joy of humble life—this, at present, of all arts or sciences being the one most needing study. Humble life—that is to say, proposing to itself no future exaltation, but only a sweet continuance; not excluding the idea of foresight, but wholly of fore-sorrow, and taking no troublous thought for coming day: so, also, not excluding the idea of providence, or provision, but wholly of accumulation;—the life of domestic affection and domestic peace, full of sensitiveness to all elements of costless and kind of pleasure;—therefore, chiefly to the loveliness of the natural world.

—JOHN RUSKIN.

Happiness consists not in having much, but in wanting no more than you have.

—LYDIA M. CHILD.

AUSPICIOUS HOPE



## AUSPICIOUS HOPE

Auspicious Hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe.

—THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Hope is necessary in every condition. The miseries of poverty, of sickness, or captivity, would, without this comfort, be insupportable; nor does it appear that the happiest lot of terrestrial existence can set us above the want of this general blessing; or that life, when the gifts of nature and of fortune are accumulated upon it, would not still be wretched, were it not elevated and delighted by the expectation of some new possession, of some enjoyment yet behind, by which the wish shall be at least satisfied, and the heart filled up to its utmost extent.

—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

In all the wedding cake, hope is the sweetest of the plums.

—DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Though at times my spirit fails me,
And the bitter tear-drops fall,
Though my lot is hard and lonely,
Yet I hope—I hope through all.

—CAROLINE ELIZABETH NORTON.

Hope is that pleasure of the mind which every one finds in himself upon the thought of a probable future enjoyment of a thing which is apt to delight him.

—JOHN LOCKE.

Hope, like a cordial, innocent, though strong,
Man's heart, at once, inspirits, and serenes;
Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys.

—EDWARD YOUNG.

Thales, being asked what was the most universal possession, answered, "Hope"; for they have it who have nothing else.

—EPICTETUS.

In the treatment of nervous cases, he is the best physician who is the most ingenious inspirer of hope.

—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Hope is the best possession. None are completely wretched but those who are without hope; and few are reduced so low as that.

—WILLIAM HAZLITT.

Cease, every joy, to glimmer in my mind,
But leave,—oh! leave the light of Hope behind!
What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between.

—THOMAS CAMPBELL.

We should hope for everything that is good, because there is nothing which may not be hoped for, and nothing but what the gods are able to give us.

—LINUS.

The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone, shadows of the evening fall around us, and the world seems but a dim reflection itself,—a broader shadow. We look forward into the coming lonely night: the soul withdraws itself. Then stars arise, and the night is holy.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

—SHAKESPEARE.

And, as in sparkling majesty a star
  Gilds the bright summit of some gloomy cloud,
Bright'ning the half-veil'd face of heaven afar,
  So, when dark thoughts my boding spirit shroud,
Sweet Hope! celestial influence round me shed,
Waving thy silver pinions o'er my head.

—JOHN KEATS.

It is when our budding hopes are nipped beyond recovery by some rough wind, that we are the most disposed to picture to ourselves what flowers they might have borne if they had flourished.

—CHARLES DICKENS.

Hope quickens all the still parts of life, and keeps the mind awake in her most remiss and indolent hours. It gives habitual serenity and good humour. It is a kind of vital heat in the soul, that cheers and gladdens her, when she does not attend to it. It makes pain easy, and labour pleasant.

—JOSEPH ADDISON.

O hope! sweet flatterer! thy delusive touch
Sheds on afflicted minds the balm of comfort,—
Relieves the load of poverty,—sustains
The captive, bending with the weight of bonds,—
And smoothes the pillow of disease and pain.

—RICHARD GLOVER.

Hope is like the wing of an angel, soaring up to heaven, and bearing our prayers to the throne of God.

—JEREMY TAYLOR.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest.

—ALEXANDER POPE.

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick; but when the desire cometh, it is as a tree of life.

—THE BIBLE.

For present grief there is always a remedy. However much thou sufferest, hope. The greatest happiness of man is hope.

—LEOPOLD SCHEFER.

Thine is a grief that wastes the heart,
Like mildew on a tulip's dyes—
When hope, deferr'd but to depart,
Loses its smiles, but keeps its sighs.

—LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of right or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward.

—JOHN MILTON.

Hope is a prodigal young heir, and experience is his banker, but his drafts are seldom honored, since there is often a heavy balance against him, because he draws largely on a small capital, is not yet in possession, and if he were, would die.

—CHARLES CALEB COLTON.

Hope is the last thing that dies in man, and though it be exceedingly deceitful, yet it is of this good use to us, that while we are travelling through life it conducts us in an easier and more pleasant way to our journey's end.

—FRANCOIS, DUC DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

It is best to hope only for things possible and probable; he that hopes too much shall deceive himself at last, especially if his industry does not go along with his hopes; for hope without action is a barren undoer.

—OWEN FELTHAM.

Used with due abstinence, hope acts as a healthful tonic; intemperately indulged, as an enervating opiate. The visions of future triumph, which at first animate exertion, if dwelt upon too intently, will usurp the place of the stern reality; and noble objects will be contemplated, not for their own inherent worth, but on account of the day-dreams they engender. Thus hope, aided by imagination, makes one man a hero, another a somnambulist, and a third a lunatic; while it renders them all enthusiasts. —SIR JAMES STEPHENS.

Things which you don't hope happen more frequently than things which you do hope.

—PLAUTUS.

His worth shines forth the brightest who in hope always confides; the abject soul despairs.

—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To visit some far distant shrine,
If he bear but a relique away
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely removed from the fair
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft Hope is the relique I bear
And my solace wherever I go.

—WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

O what a valiant faculty is hope, that in a mortal subject, and in a moment makes nothing of usurping infinity and immensity, and of supplying her master's indigence at her pleasure with all things he can imagine or desire!

—MICHAEL DE MONTAIGNE.

Hope is a vigorous principle; it is furnished with light and heat to advise and execute; it sets the head and heart to work, and animates a man to do his utmost. And thus by perpetually pushing and assurance, it puts a difficulty out of countenance, and makes a seeming impossibility give way.

—JEREMY COLLIER.

## HOPE'S SONG

The golden dreams of youth
Assume a guise of truth
Which age keeps never,
For Hope's voice singeth ever,
"Oh, youth and strong endeavor,
Can win the highest good forever."

Love's subtle intuition
Divines life's glad fruition,
Distrusting never;
And sweetly Hope sings ever,
"True love and sweet endeavor
Shall hold the highest good forever."

Love's sacred tryst is broken,
Heart-breaking words are spoken
Her bonds to sever;
But still Hope singeth ever,
"Brave heart and strong endeavor
Must find the highest good forever."

—HELEN M. WINSLOW.

Let Hope attend you, sweet maid, for Hope will lead you to Happiness.

—MARY CARR.

A loving heart encloses within itself an unfading and eternal Eden. Hope is like a bad clock, forever striking at the hour of happiness, whether it has come or not.

—JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

All which happens in the whole world happens through hope. No husbandman would sow a grain of corn, if he did not hope it would spring up and bring forth the ear. How much more are we helped on by hope in the way to eternal life!

—MARTIN LUTHER.

Never let your star of hope sink low. No matter how bad the present may be, and how dark the future may appear, the clouds will break away, and the hope star will beckon you on to brighter and better things.

—H. W. WILLING.

Hope—the one small fairy whom we could least spare from this careworn and prosaic old world.

—SELECTED.

# A QUIET CONSCIENCE

## A QUIET CONSCIENCE

I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities;
A still and quiet conscience.

—SHAKESPEARE.

It is better to endure all the frowns and anger of the greatest on earth, than to have an uneasy conscience within our breast. O, let the bird in the soul be always kept singing whatsoever one may suffer.

—SELECTED.

A tender conscience, of all things, ought to be tenderly handled: for if you do not, you injure not only the conscience but the whole moral frame and constitution is injured, recurring at times to remorse, and seeking refuge only in making the conscience callous.

—EDMUND BURKE.

Why should not Conscience have vacation
As well as other courts o' th' nation?
Have equal power to adjourn,
Appoint appearance and return?

—SAMUEL BUTLER.



## A BOOK OF HAPPINESS

## CONSCIENCE AND REMORSE

"Good-bye," I said to my conscience—
"Good-bye for aye and aye,"
And I put her hands off harshly,
And turned my face away;
And conscience smitten sorely
Returned not from that day.

But a time came when my spirit
Grew weary of its pace;
And I cried: "Come back, my conscience;
I long to see thy face."
But conscience cried: "I cannot;
Remorse sits in my place."

—PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

There is not on earth a more capricious, accommodating, or abused thing than *Conscience.* It would be very possible to exhibit a curious classification of consciences in genera and species. What copious matter for speculation among the varieties of—lawyer's conscience—cleric conscience—lay conscience—lord's conscience—peasant's conscience—hermit's conscience—tradesman's conscience—philosopher's conscience—Christian's conscience—etc., etc.

—JOHN FOSTER.

No word is more frequently in the mouths of men than conscience; and the meaning of it is, in some measure, understood: however, it is a word extremely abused by many who apply other meanings to it which God Almighty never intended.

—JONATHAN SWIFT.

The testimony of a good conscience will make the comforts of heaven descend upon man's weary head like a refreshing dew or shower upon a parched land. It will give him lively earnests and secret anticipations of approaching joy; it will bid his soul go out of the body undauntedly, and lift up his head with confidence before saints and angels.

—ROBERT SOUTH.

What a strange thing an old dead sin laid away in a secret drawer of the soul is? Must it sometime or other be moistened with tears, until it comes to life again, and begins to stir in our consciousness, as the dry wheat-animalcule, looking like a grain of dust, becomes alive if it is wet with a drop of water.

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

He that loses his conscience, has nothing left that is worth keeping.

—IZAAK WALTON.

What is conscience? If there be such a power, what is its office? It would seem to be simply this: to approve of our own conduct when we do what we believe to be right, and to censure us when we commit whatever we judge to be wrong.

—ALEXANDER CROMBIE.

Of a' the ills that flesh can fear,
The loss o' frien's, the lack o' gear,
A yowlin' tyke, a glandered mear,
A lassie's nonsense—
There's just ae thing I cannae bear,
An' that's my conscience.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Conscience is too great a power in the nature of man to be altogether subdued: it may for a time be repressed and kept dormant; but conjectures there are in human life which awaken it; and when once re-awakened, it flashes on the sinner's mind with all the horrors of an invisible ruler and a future judgment.

—HUGH BLAIR.

## MY CONSCIENCE

I sat alone with my conscience,
In a place where time had ceased,
And we talked of my former living
In the land where the years increased;
And I felt I should have to answer
The question it might put to me,
And to face the question and answer
Throughout an eternity.

The ghosts of forgotten actions
Came floating before my sight,
And things that I thought had perished
Were alive with a terrible might;
And the vision of life's dark record
Was an awful thing to face—
Alone with my conscience sitting
In that solemnly silent place.

And I thought of a far-away warning,
Of a sorrow that was to be mine,
In a land that then was the future,
But now is the present time;
And I thought of my former thinking
Of the judgment day to be;
But sitting alone with my conscience
Seemed judgment enough for me.

—SELECTED.

Knowledge or wealth to few are given;
But mark how just the ways of heaven:
True joy to all is free:
Nor wealth nor knowledge grant the boon,
'Tis thine, O Conscience! thine alone:
It all belongs to thee.

—WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

The voice of conscience is so delicate that it is easy to stifle it; but it is also so clear that it is impossible to mistake it.

—MADAME DE STAËL.

Yet still there whispers the small voice within,
Heard through Gain's silence, and o'er Glory's din:
Whatever creed be taught or land be trod,
Man's conscience is the oracle of God!

—LORD BYRON.

A man, so to speak, who is not able to bow to his own conscience every morning is hardly in a condition to respectfully salute the world at any other time of the day.

—DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Let Joy or Ease, let Affluence or Content,
And the glad Conscience of a life well spent,
Calm ev'ry thought, inspirit ev'ry grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.

—ALEXANDER POPE.

# THE GIFT OF VIRTUE



## THE GIFT OF VIRTUE

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of Heaven: a happiness
That even above the smiles and frowns of fate
Exalts great Nature's favourites: a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor can be transferr'd.

—JOHN ARMSTRONG.

Well may your heart believe the truths I tell;
'Tis virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.

—WILLIAM COLLINS.

Every man is ready to give in a long catalogue of those virtues and good qualities he expects to find in the person of a friend; but very few of us are careful to cultivate them in ourselves.

—JOSEPH ADDISON.

I would be virtuous for my own sake, though nobody were to know it; as I would be clean for my own sake, though nobody were to see me.

—EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

Virtue is so delightful, whenever it is perceived, that men have found it their interest to cultivate manners, which are, in fact, the appearances of certain virtues; and now we are come to love the sign better than the thing signified, and to prefer manners without virtue, to virtue without manners.

—SYDNEY SMITH.

We are apt to mistake our vocation in looking out of the way for occasions to exercise great and rare virtues, and stepping over the ordinary ones which lie directly in the road before us. When we read we fancy we could be martyrs; when we come to act we find we cannot bear a provoking word.

—HANNAH MORE.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives!

—GEORGE HERBERT.

To be able under all circumstances to practise five things constitutes perfect virtue; these five are gravity, generosity of soul, sincerity, earnestness, and kindness.

—CONFUCIUS.

Live virtuously, and you cannot die too soon, nor live too long.

—LADY RACHEL RUSSELL.

The virtues like the Muses, are always seen in groups. A good principle was never found solitary in any breast.

—JANE PORTER.

Every virtue gives a man a degree of felicity in some kind; honesty gives a man a good report; justice, estimation; prudence, respect; courtesy and liberality, affection; temperance gives health; fortitude, a quiet mind, not to be moved by any adversity.

—FRANCIS WALSINGHAM.

Do not be troubled because you have not great virtues. God made a million spears of grass where he made one tree. The earth is fringed and carpeted, not with forests, but with grasses. Only have enough of little virtues and common fidelities, and you need not mourn because you are neither a hero nor a saint.

—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

It has ever been my experience that folks who have no vices have very few virtues.

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

If he does really think there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why, sir, when he leaves our house let us count our spoons.

—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
"Virtue alone is happiness below."

—ALEXANDER POPE.

That "virtue alone is happiness below," is indeed a maxim in speculative morality, which all the treasures of learning have been lavished to support, and all the flowers of wit collected to recommend; it has been the favorite of some among the wisest and best of mankind in every generation; and is at once venerable for its age, and lovely in the bloom of a new youth. And yet, if it be allowed that they who languish in disease and indigence, who suffer pain, hunger, and nakedness, in obscurity and solitude, are less happy than those, who, with the same degree of virtue, enjoy health and ease, and plenty, who are distinguished by fame, and courted by society; it follows that virtue alone is not efficient of happiness, because virtue cannot always bestow those things upon which happiness is confessed to depend.

—HAWKES.

Virtue is its own reward, and brings with it the truest and highest pleasure; but if we cultivate it only for pleasure's sake, we are selfish, not religious, and will never gain the pleasure, because we can never have the virtue.

—JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

What, what is virtue, but repose of mind,
A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm;
Above the reach of wild ambition's mind,
Above these passions that this world deform
And torture man.

—JAMES THOMSON.

Every condition of life, if attended with virtue, is undisturbed and delightful; but when vice is intermixed, it renders even things that appear sumptuous and magnificent, distasteful and uneasy to the possessor.

—PLUTARCH.

Many who have tasted all the pleasures of sin have forsaken it and come over to virtue; but there are few, if any, who have tried the sweets of virtue could be drawn off from it, or find in their hearts to fall back to their former course.

—FRANCIS JEFFREY.

Virtue alone is happiness below.

—GEORGE CRABBE.

Count all th' advantage prosperous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains;
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want—which is, to pass for good,
Oh, blind to truth and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!

—ALEXANDER POPE.

The most virtuous of all men, says Plato, is he that contents himself with being virtuous without seeking to appear so. —FÉNELON.

The virtue of a man ought to be measured not by his extraordinary exertions, but by his every-day conduct.

—BLAISE PASCAL.

On every occasion in which virtue is exercised, if something is not added to happiness, something is taken away from anxiety. —THOMAS BENTHAM.

Love virtue; she alone is free;
She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the sphery clime.

—JOHN MILTON.

# HOLINESS



## HOLINESS

They whose hearts are whole and strong,
Loving holiness,
Living clean from soil of wrong,
Wearing truth's white dress,—
They unto no far-off height
Wearily need climb;
Heaven to them is close in sight
From these shores of time.

—LUCY LARCOM.

If you wish to know whether you are a Christian inquire of yourself whether, in and for the love of God, you seek to make happy those about you by smiles and pleasant sayings. Are you a comfortable person to live with? Are you pleasant to have about?

—GAIL HAMILTON.

One sure way to get into heaven, for a day at least, is to do a kind act to some one who does not like you.

—M. M. POMEROY.

## THREEFOLD GRACE

Grant me dear Lord for this year's term I pray
A threefold grace to sanctify each day:
Grace so to guide and to control my tongue
That none by it may be misled or stung.
Grace to detach myself from worldly snares,
From trivial talk and worrying Martha cares.
Grace in adoring love to take my seat
Like Mary, meek and silent at Thy feet.

—MARY HOWITT.

I have lived long enough to know what I did not at one time believe,—that no society can be upheld in happiness and honor without the sentiment of religion. —PIERRE SIMON DE LA PLACE.

There are in this rude, stunning tide
  Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
  Of the everlasting chime,
Who carry music in their heart,
Through dusty lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily toil with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

—JOHN KEBLE.

The Christian is happy; not, like the epicurean, by intensifying a brief ray in contrast with a vast gloom soon to engulf it, not like the stoic, by denying the real existence of any blackness, but by trusting that light alone is infinite. Oh, let us never try to be happy by contrast or by forgetting!

—MARY EMILY CASE.

We can't choose happiness, either for ourselves or for another; we can't tell where that will lie. We can only choose whether we will indulge ourselves in the present moment, or whether we will renounce that for the sake of obeying the divine voice within us—for the sake of being true to all the motives that sanctify our lives. I know this belief is hard; it has slipped away from me again and again; but I have felt that if I let it go forever, I should have no light through the darkness of this life.

—GEORGE ELIOT.

By what slow degrees I attained happiness I can hardly say. But now, looking back, I see this—that whereas others have to learn by hard experience, that detachment, self-purification, self-control are the only conditions of happiness on earth, I was detached, purified, controlled by God Himself.

—ARTHUR C. BENSON.

A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day.

—RICHARD CRASHAW.

True religion is the poetry of the heart: it has enchantments useful to our manners; it gives us both happiness and virtue. —JOSEPH JOUBERT.

All belief which does not render more happy, more free, more loving, more active, more calm, is, I fear, an erroneous and superstitious belief.

—JOHANN CASPAR LAVATER.

It is a great disgrace to religion to imagine that it is an enemy to mirth and cheerfulness, and a severe exacter of pensive looks and solemn faces.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Genuine happiness is the delicate perfume of a holy life. The sanctified soul exhales happiness as the flowers emit sweet odours. Heaven is a tropical garden of conscious spirits, and its atmosphere is laden with happiness as the normal product of their purity. —DARIUS CLARK KNOWLES.

Wonderful! that the Christian religion, which seems to have no other object than the felicity of another life, should also constitute the happiness of this.

—CHARLES DE S. MONTESQUIEU.

A Deity believed, is joy begun;
A Deity adored, is joy advanced;
A Deity beloved, is joy matured;
Each branch of piety delight inspires.

—EDWARD YOUNG.

Let prayer be the key of the morning and the bolt of the evening.

—MATTHEW HENRY.

How happy it is to believe, with a steadfast assurance, that our petitions are heard even while we are making them; and how delightful to meet with a proof of it in the effectual and actual grant of them!

—WILLIAM COWPER.

There is only one thing greater than happiness in the world, and that is holiness.

—HENRY DRUMMOND.

## AT SUNRISE

As on my bed at dawn I mused and prayed,
I saw my lattice prankt upon the wall,
The flaunting leaves and flitting birds withal—
A sunny phantom interlaced with shade;
"Thanks be to Heaven," in happy mood I said,
"What sweeter aid my matins could befall
Than this fair glory from the east hath made?
What holy sleights hath God, the Lord of all,
To bid us feel and see! We are not free
To say we see not, for the glory comes
Nightly and daily, like the flowing sea;
His lustre pierces through the midnight glooms,
And at prime hours, behold! he follows me
With golden shadows to my secret rooms!"

—CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER.

What is the happy life? It is a life of conscious harmony with this Divine order of the world, a sense, that is to say, of God's companionship. And wherein is the profoundest unhappiness? It is the sense of remoteness from God, issuing into incurable restlessness of heart, and finally into incapacity to make one's life fruitful or effective.

—CARL HILTY.

Pray for others in such forms, with such length, importunity, and earnestness, as you use for yourself; and you will find all little, ill-natured passions die away, your heart grow great and generous, delighting in the common happiness of others, as you need only to delight in your own.

—WILLIAM LAW.

Holiness consisteth not in a cowl or in a garment of gray.—When God purifies the heart by faith, the market is sacred as well as the sanctuary; neither remaineth there any work or place which is profane.

—MARTIN LUTHER.

Still with honest purpose toil we on,
And if our steps be upward, straight and true,
Far in the east a golden light shall dawn,
And the bright smile of God come bursting through.

—WILL CARLETON.

Blessed is the memory of those who have kept themselves unspotted from the world! yet more blessed and more dear the memory of those who have kept themselves unspotted in the world!

—ANNA JAMESON.

A religious life is that which most abounds in a well-grounded hope, and such an one as is fixed on objects that are capable of making us entirely happy. This hope in a religious man is much more sure and certain than the hope of any temporal blessing, as it is strengthened not only by reason, but by faith.

—JOSEPH ADDISON.

Nothing is easy which we are not happy in doing. Have you been happy in your religion? I am for a happy religion. I see no use for an unhappy one; if God gives me my choice. But He has done more than that. He wishes my religion to be the happiness and sunshine of my life.

—FABER.

Let us seek the grace of a cheerful heart, an even temper, sweetness, gentleness, and brightness of mind, as walking in His light, and by His grace. Let us pray to Him to give us the spirit of ever-abundant, ever-springing love, which overpowers and sweeps away the vexations of life by its own richness and strength.

—JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

## THE PILGRIMAGE

(The scollop-shell was the pilgrim's badge.)

Give me my scollop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith, to walk on,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage;
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.
Blood must be my body's balmer,
No other balm will there be given;
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
Travelleth toward the land of heaven;
Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains,
There will I kiss
The bowl of bliss
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill.
My soul will be a-dry before,
But after it will thirst no more.

—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Written in prison in 1603, just after his condemnation, and before his temporary respite.

Religion tends to the ease and pleasure, the peace and tranquillity of our minds; which all the wisdom of the world did always aim at, as the utmost felicity of this life.

—JOHN TILLOTSON.

It is just as impossible for a person to reach the normal state of harmony while he is practising selfish, grasping methods, as it is to produce harmony in an orchestra with instruments that are all jangled and out of tune. To be happy, we must be in tune with the infinite within us, in harmony with our better selves. There is no way to get around it.

—ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

The happy state of mind, so rarely possessed, in which we can say, "I have enough," is the highest attainment of philosophy. Happiness consists, not in possessing much, but in being content with what we possess. He who wants little always has enough.

—JOHANN GEORG VON ZIMMERMANN.

# SYMPATHY



## SYMPATHY

Till we have reflected on it, we are scarcely aware how much the sum of human happiness in the world is indebted to this one feeling—sympathy.

—FREDERICK WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Happy is the man who has that in his soul which acts upon the dejected as April airs upon violet roots. Gifts from the hand are silver and gold, but the heart gives that which neither silver nor gold can buy. To be full of goodness, full of cheerfulness, full of sympathy, full of helpful hope, causes a man to carry blessings of which he is himself as unconscious as a lamp is of its own shining.

—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

No radiant pearl, which crested fortune wears,
No gem, that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears;
Not the bright stars, which night's blue arch adorn;
Nor rising sun, that gilds the vernal morn;
Shine with such lustre as the tear which flows
Down virtue's manly cheek for others' woes.

—ERASMUS DARWIN.

If we separate ourselves so much from the interests of those around us that we do not sympathize with them in their sufferings, we shut ourselves out from sharing their happiness, and lose far more than we gain. If we avoid sympathy and wrap ourselves round in a cold chain armour of selfishness, we exclude ourselves from many of the greatest and purest joys of life. To render ourselves insensible to pain we must forfeit also the possibility of happiness.

—SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

Love and death are the two great hinges on which all human sympathies turn.

—BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON.

Let us cherish sympathy. By attention and exercise it may be improved in every man. It prepares the mind for receiving the impressions of virtue: and without it there can be no true politeness. Nothing is more odious than that insensibility which wraps a man up in himself and his own concerns, and prevents his being moved with either the joys or the sorrows of another.

—JAMES BEATTIE.

If I can live
To make some pale face brighter, and to give
A second lustre to some tear-dimmed eye;
Or e'en impart
One throb of comfort to an aching heart,
Or cheer some wayworn soul in passing by;
If I can lend
A strong hand to the fallen, or defend
The right against a single envious strain;
My life, though bare,
Perhaps of much that seemeth dear and fair
To us of earth, will not have been in vain.

—SELECTED.

The purest joy we can experience in one we love is to see that person a source of happiness to others.

—SELECTED.

## SYMPATHY

The colour gladdens all your heart;
  You call it Heaven, dear, but I—
Now Hope and I are far apart—
  Call it the sky.

I know that Nature's tears have wet
  The world with Sympathy; but you,
Who know not any sorrow yet,
  Call it the dew.

—ALTHEA GYLES.

Our sympathy is never very deep unless founded on our own feelings.—We pity, but do not enter into the grief we have never felt.

—LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

There is no test of manhood like sympathy that enters into and answers back all the overtures from heaven and earth, from God and man. Sympathy beholds the bough of blossoms, and rejoices over the beautiful. Sympathy sees the ship sailing out of the harbor and stands praying for all a good voyage and a safe return.

—NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

I never crossed your threshold with a grief
But that I went without it; never came
Heart hungry but you fed me, eased the blame,
And gave the sorrow solace and relief.

—SELECTED.

The moment of finding a fellow-creature is often as full of mingled doubt and exultation, as the moment of finding an idea. —GEORGE ELIOT.

To commiserate is sometimes more than to give, for money is external to a man's self, but he who bestows compassion communicates his own soul.

—WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
The best I had, a princess wrought it me,
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head,
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, "What lack you?" and, "Where lies your grief?"

—SHAKESPEARE.

The gentle ministries of love which you take time to perform as you hurry from task to task in your busy days will give you the sweetest joy as you remember them in the after-days. What these ministries are to those who receive them you never can know till your own heart is sad and lonely and one comes to you in turn with the true comfort of love. Train yourself to the habit of sympathy. Be ready any hour to speak the full rich word of love which shall lighten the burden of the one you meet. Everywhere are hearts that need and hunger for what you have to give, and God has given love to you for the very purpose of blessing those whom he sends to you day by day. —JAMES R. MILLER.

The craving for sympathy is the common boundary line between joy and sorrow.

—J. C. AND A. W. HARE.

If thou art blessed,
Then let the sunshine of thy gladness rest
On the dark edges of each cloud that lies
Black in thy brother's skies.
If thou art sad,
Still be thou in thy brother's gladness glad.

—ANNIE E. HAMILTON.

# DUTY



# DUTY

The world would be both better and brighter if we would dwell on the duty of happiness, as well as on the happiness of duty.

—SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man.
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must,*
The youth replies, *I can.*

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Never to tire, never to grow cold; to be patient, sympathetic, tender; to look for the budding flower and the opening heart; to hope always; like God, to love always,—this is duty.

—HENRI FREDERIC AMIEL.

No man's spirits were ever hurt by doing his duty: on the contrary, one good action, one temptation resisted and overcome, one sacrifice of desire or interest *purely for conscience's sake,* will prove a cordial for weak and low spirits far beyond what either indulgence, or diversion, or company can do for them.

—WILLIAM PALEY.

## THE MORAL

And I read the moral—A brave endeavour
To do thy duty, whate'er its worth,
Is better than life with love forever,
And love is the sweetest thing on earth.

—JAMES J. ROCHE.

The things of the world are ever rising and falling, and in perpetual change; and this change must be according to the will of God, as He has bestowed upon man neither the wisdom nor the power to enable him to check it. The great lesson in these things is, that man must strengthen himself doubly at such times to fulfil his duty and to do what is right, and must seek his happiness and inward peace from objects which cannot be taken away from him. —WILHELM VON HUMBOLDT.

Seek happiness for its own sake, and you will not find it; seek for duty, and happiness will follow as the shadow comes with the sunshine.

—TRYON EDWARDS.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause. —HENRY WARD BEECHER.

I slept and dreamed that life was Beauty:
I woke and found that life was Duty:
Was then thy dream a shadowy lie?
Toil on, sad heart, courageously,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A noonday light and truth to thee.

—ELLEN STURGIS HOOPER.

Religion or virtue, in a large sense, includes duty to God and our neighbour; but in a proper sense, virtue signifies duty towards men, and religion duty to God.

—ISAAC WATTS.

The consideration that human happiness and moral duty are inseparably connected, will always continue to prompt me to promote the former by inculcating the practice of the latter.

—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

It is a Frenchman who says:—"Duty is what goes most against the grain, because in doing that, we do what we are strictly obliged to, and are seldom much praised for it."

When I'm not thank'd at all, I'm thank'd enough:
I've done my duty, and I've done no more.

—HENRY FIELDING.

Oh! righteous doom, that they who make
Pleasure their only end,
Ordering their whole life for its sake,
Miss that whereto they tend.

While they who bid stern duty lead,
Content to follow, they,
Of duty only taking heed,
Find pleasure by the way.

—RICHARD CHENEVIX FRENCH.

The greatest happiness of life, I find, after all, to consist in the regular discharge of some mechanical duty.

—JOHANN VON SCHILLER.

A man of the greatest intellectual gifts and attainments may be doing his duty in scrubbing the floor. If he is doing his duty he is doing the highest thing in all the universe. Let no one say he stoops to such toil. If he himself feels that he stoops to do it he is not a man of high character. It is an exalted privilege that we are permitted to do anything that is of use. All work stands above us and beckons us up. Happy is he who sees every duty as above him and worthy of his best.

—MARY EMILY CASE.

What I must do is all that concerns me, and not what the people think. This rule, equally as arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder, because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Can any man or woman choose duties? No more than they can choose their birthplace, or their father and mother.

—GEORGE ELIOT.

Let men laugh, if they will, when you sacrifice desire to duty. You have time and eternity to rejoice in.

—THEODORE PARKER.

Thy sum of duty let two words contain;
O may they graven in thy heart remain:
Be humble and be just.

—MATTHEW PRIOR.

Since happiness is necessarily the supreme object of our desires, and duty the supreme rule of our actions, there can be no harmony in our being except our happiness coincides with our duty.

—WILLIAM WHEWELL.

Lay this other precept well to heart, which to me was of invaluable service: *"Do the duty which lies nearest thee,"* which thou knowest to be a duty! Thy second duty will already have become clearer.

—THOMAS CARLYLE.

The things which must be, must be for the best,
God helps us do our duty and not shrink,
And trust His mercy for the rest.

—EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON (Owen Meredith).

Life consists not of a series of illustrations or elegant enjoyments: the greater part of our time passes in compliance with necessities, in the performance of daily duties, in the removal of small inconveniences, in the procurement of petty pleasures; and we are well or ill at ease as the main stream of life glides on smoothly, or is ruffled by small obstacles and frequent observation.

—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

What is our duty here? To tend
From good to better—thence to best;
Grateful to drink life's cup—then bend
Unmurmuring to our bed of rest;
To pluck the flowers that round us blow,
Scattering our fragrance as we go.

—SIR JOHN BOWRING.

# THE CROWN OF CONTENT



## THE CROWN OF CONTENT

My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is called content;
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

—SHAKESPEARE.

True contentment depends not upon what we have; a tub was large enough for Diogenes, but a world was too little for Alexander.

—CHARLES CALEB COLTON.

I weigh not fortune's frown or smile;
I joy not much in earthly joys;
I seek not state, I reck not style;
I am not fond of fancy's toys:
I rest so pleased with what I have,
I wish no more, no more I crave.

—JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

If you are but content you have enough to live upon with comfort. —PLAUTUS.

My conscience is my crown;
Contented thoughts, my rest;
My heart is happy in itself,
My bliss is in my breast.

—ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

As it is better to lie straitened for room upon a little couch, in health, than to toss upon a wide bed of sickness, so it is better to contract yourself within the compass of a small fortune, and be happy, than to have a great one and be wretched.

—EPICTETUS.

Since we cannot get what we like, let us like what we can get.

—SPANISH PROVERB.

Contentment furnishes constant joy. Much covetousness, constant grief. To the contented, even poverty is joy. To the discontented, even wealth is a vexation.

—FROM THE CHINESE.

If the principles of contentment are not within us the height of station and worldly grandeur will as soon add a cubit to a man's stature, as to his happiness.

—LAWRENCE STERNE.

Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content;
  The quiet mind is richer than a crown;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent,—
  The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown:
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such
      bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbors quiet rest,
  The cottage that affords no pride or care,
The mean, that 'grees with country music best,
  The sweet consort of mirth's and music's fare.
Obscurèd life sets down a type of bliss;
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

—ROBERT GREENE.

From "Farewell to Follie," 1617.

There is a jewel which no Indian mines can buy,
  No chymic art can counterfeit;
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
  Makes water wine; turns wooden cups to gold;
  The homely whistle to sweet music's strain,
Seldom it comes;—to few from Heaven sent,
That much in little, all in naught, *Content.*

—JOHN WILBYE.

My minde to me a kingdom is;
  Such perfect joy therein I finde
As farre exceeds all earthly blisse
  That God or nature hath assignde;
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my minde forbids to crave.

Content I live; this is my stay,—
  I seek no more than may suffice.
I presse to beare no haughtie sway;
  Look, what I lack my minde supplies.
Loe, thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my minde doth bring.

—SIR EDWARD DYER.

"It is a great blessing to possess what one wishes," said one to an ancient philosopher.—"It is a greater still," was the reply, "not to desire what one does not possess."

—SELECTED.

Happy the man, of mortals happiest he,
Whose quiet mind from vain desires is free;
Whom neither hopes deceive, nor fears torment,
But lives at peace, within himself content;
In thought, or act, accountable to none
But to himself, and to the gods alone.

—LORD LANSDOWNE (George Granville).

## THE HAPPY HEART

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?
O punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?
O sweet content! O sweet content! O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace;
Honest labor bears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

Canst drink the waters of the crispèd spring?
O sweet content!
Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?
O punishment!
Then he that patiently want's burden bears
No burden bears, but is a king, a king!
O sweet content! O sweet content! O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace;
Honest labor bears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

—THOMAS DEKKER.

Content has a kindly influence on the soul of man, in respect of every being to whom he stands related. It extinguishes all murmuring, repining, and ingratitude toward that Being who has allotted us our part to act in the world. It destroys all inordinate ambition; gives sweetness to the conversation, and serenity to all the thoughts; and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing by banishing the desire of them.

—JOSEPH ADDISON.

It is not for man to rest in absolute contentment. He is born to hopes and aspirations, as the sparks fly upwards, unless he has brutified his nature, and quenched the spirit of immortality.

—ROBERT SOUTHEY.

From labour health, from health contentment spring;
Contentment opes the source of every joy.

—JAMES BEATTIE.

What happiness the rural maid attends
In cheerful labour while each day she spends!
She gratefully receives what Heav'n has sent,
And rich in poverty, enjoys content.

—JOHN GAY.

## A SONG OF CONTENT

The eagle nestles near the sun;
  The dove's low nest for me!—
The eagle's on the crag: sweet one,
  The dove's in our green tree.
For hearts that beat like thine and mine,
  Heaven blesses humble earth;
The angels of our Heaven shall shine
  The angels of our hearth.

—JOHN JAMES PIATT.

If two angels were sent down from heaven, one to conduct an empire, and the other to sweep a street, they would feel no inclination to change employments.

—JOHN NEWTON.

He who isn't contented with what he has wouldn't be contented with what he would like to have.

—BERTHOLD AUERBACH.

I would do what I pleased, and doing what I pleased, I should have my will, and having my will, I should be contented; and when one is contented, there is no more to be desired; and when there is no more to be desired, there is an end of it.

—MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

"Good-by, then," said the Tinker. "Good-by, young man, and I wish you happiness."

"What is happiness?" said I. The Tinker removed his hat and having scratched his head, put it on again.

"Happiness," said he, "happiness is the state of being content with one's self, the world, and everything in general."

"Then," said I, "I fear I can never be happy."

"And why not?"

"Because, supposing I ever became contented with the world, and everything in general, which is highly improbable, I shall never, never be contented with myself."*

—JEFFERY FARNOL.

With more of thanks and less of thought,
I strive to make my matters meet;
To seek what ancient sages sought,
Physic and food in sour and sweet,
To take what passes in good part,
And keep the hickcups from the heart.

—JAMES BYRON.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstance.

—DAVID HUME.

*Courtesy of Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

# A LAND OF MEMORY



## A LAND OF MEMORY

A land of promise, a land of memory,
A land of promise flowing with the milk
And honey of delicious memories!

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

Memory is the only paradise out of which we cannot be driven away. Indeed, our first parents were not to be deprived of it.

—JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

A scent, a note of music, a voice long unheard, the stirring of the summer breeze, may startle us with the sudden revival of long-forgotten feelings and thoughts.

—THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

A man advanced in years that thinks fit to look back upon his former life, and call that only life which was passed with satisfaction and enjoyment, excluding all parts which were not pleasant to him, will find himself very young, if not in his infancy.

—RICHARD STEELE.



## A BOOK OF HAPPINESS

## MAKING SWEET MEMORIES

We are all making memories in our to-days for our to-morrows. The back-log in the old-fashioned fireplace sings as it burns, and one with poetic fancy says that the music is the bird-songs of past years—that when the tree was growing in the forest the birds sang in its branches, and the music sank into the tree and was held there, until now in the winter fire it is set free. This is only a beautiful fancy, but there is an analogy in life which is actual. Along the days of childhood and youth the bird-songs of gladness sing about us. They sink away in the heart and hide there. In the busy days of toil and care which follow they ofttimes seem to be lost and forgotten. Then, in still later days, the fires of trial come and kindle about the life, and in the flames the long-imprisoned music is set free and flows out. Many an old age is brightened and sweetened by the memories of early years.

—JAMES R. MILLER.

Memory can glean, but can never renew. It brings us joys faint as is the perfume of the flowers, faded and dried, of the summer that is gone.

—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Mankind are always happier for having been happy; so that if you make them happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it. . . . No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life from having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure.

—SYDNEY SMITH.

There is in each life some time or spot,
  Some hour or moment of night or day,
That never grows dim and is never forgot,
  Like an unfaded leaf in a dead bouquet;
Some rare season, however brief,
  That stands forever and aye the same,
A sweet bright picture in bas-relief,
  Hanging before us in memory's frame.

—SELECTED.

Most happy he whose journey lies
  Beneath the starlight sheen
Of unregretful memories
  Of glory that has been.

—RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

## THE MEMORY OF THE HEART

If stores of dry and learnèd lore we gain,
We keep them in the memory of the brain;
Names, things, and facts,—whate'er we knowledge call,—
There is the common ledger for them all;
And images on this cold surface traced
Make slight impression, and are soon effaced.
But we've a page, more glowing and more bright,
On which our friendship and our love to write;
That these may never from the soul depart,
We trust them to the memory of the heart.
There is no dimming, no effacement there;
Each new pulsation keeps the record clear;
Warm, golden letters all the tablet fill,
Nor lose their lustre till the heart stands still.

—JOHN WEBSTER.

Where is the heart that does not keep,
Within its inmost core,
Some fond remembrance hidden deep,
Of days that are no more?
Who hath not saved some trifling thing
More prized than jewels rare—
A faded flower, a broken ring,
A tress of golden hair?

—ELLEN CLEMENTINE HOWARTH.



## A BOOK OF HAPPINESS

Oh, how cruelly sweet are the echoes that start
When Memory plays an old tune on the heart!

—ELIZA COOK.

In my poor mind it is most sweet to muse
Upon the days gone by; to act in thought
Past seasons o'er, and be again a child;
To sit in fancy on the turf-clad slope,
Down which the child would roll; to pluck gay
flowers,
Make posies in the sun, which the child's hand
(Childhood offended soon, soon reconciled),
Would throw away, and straight take up again,
Then fling them to the winds, and o'er the lawn
Bound with so playful and so light a foot,
That the pressed daisy scarce declined her head.

—CHARLES LAMB.

I recollect a nurse called Ann,
Who carried me about the grass,
And one fine day a fine young man
Came up and kissed the pretty lass.
She did not make the least objection.
Thinks I, "Aha,
*When I can talk I'll tell mama,*"
And that's my earliest recollection.

—FREDERICK LOCKER.

And we full many summer joys
  And greenwood sports have shared,
When, free and ever-roving boys,
  The rocks, the streams we dared;
And, as I look upon thy face,
  Back, back o'er years of ill,
My heart flies to that happy place
  Where it is summer still.

—EPES SARGENT.

Memory, like books which remain a long time shut up in the dust, needs to be opened from time to time; it is necessary, so to speak, to open its leaves, that it may be ready in time of need.

—SENECA.

O the days gone by! O the days gone by!
The music of the laughing lip, the lustre of the eye,
The childish faith in fairies, and Aladdin's magic ring,
The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in everything,—
When life was like a story, holding neither sob nor sigh,
In the golden olden glory of the days gone by.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

## BOYHOOD

Ah, then how sweetly closed those crowded days!
The minutes parting one by one, like rays
  That fade upon a summer's eve.
But O, what charm or magic numbers
Can give me back the gentle slumbers
  Those weary, happy days did leave?
When by my bed I saw my mother kneel,
  And with her blessing took her nightly kiss;
  Whatever time destroys, he cannot this;—
E'en now that nameless kiss I feel.

—WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

All hail, Remembrance and Forgetfulness!
  Trace, Memory, trace whate'er is sweet or kind:
When friends forsake us or misfortunes press,
  Oblivion 'rase the record from our mind.

—FROM THE GREEK OF MACEDONIUS.
Translation of Robert Bland.

Life's best days are not those to which we look forward with most expectation of happiness, but those to which we may look back with most of gladness. They are the days which stand the test of experience and reminiscence.

—HENRY CLAY TRUMBULL.

Yes, dear departed, cherished days,
  Could Memory's hand restore
Your morning light, your evening rays,
  From Time's gray urn once more,—
Then might this restless heart be still,
  This straining eye might close,
And Hope her fainting pinions fold,
  While the fair phantoms rose.

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The years that bring us many ills, and that pass so stormfully over us, bear away with them the ugliness, the weariness, the pain that are theirs, but the beauty, the sweetness, the rest, they leave untouched, for these are eternal. As the mountains that near at hand stand jagged and scarred, in the far distance repose in their soft robes of purple haze, so the rough present fades into the past soft and sweet and beautiful.

—RALPH CONNOR.

Sweet memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail,
To view the fairy-haunts of long-lost hours,
Blest with far greener shades, far lovelier flowers.

—SAMUEL ROGERS.

Hope shall brighten days to come
And memory gild the past.

—THOMAS MOORE.

Hail, Memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumbered treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And place and time are subject to thy sway!
Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone;
The only pleasures we can call our own.

—SAMUEL ROGERS.

I have a room whereinto no one enters
Save I myself alone:
There sits a blessed memory on a throne,
There my life centres.

—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

The holiest of all holidays are those
Kept by ourselves in silence and apart;
The secret anniversaries of the heart,
When the full river of feeling overflows;—
The happy days unclouded to their close;
The sudden joys that out of darkness start
As flames from ashes; swift desires that dart
Like swallows singing down each wind that blows!

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

When a' the house are gane to sleep
I sit my leefu' lane,
An' muse till fancy streaks her wing
An' I am young again.
Again I wanner thro' the wuds,
Again I seem to sing
Some waefu' auld warld ballant strain,
Till a' the echoes ring.

—JANET HAMILTON.

It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that, when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would seem almost as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we loved in life.

—CHARLES DICKENS.

There is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song; there is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn even from the charms of the living. These we would not exchange for the song of pleasure or the bursts of revelry.

—WASHINGTON IRVING.

The heart hath its own memory, like the mind,
And in it are enshrined
The precious keepsakes, into which is wrought
The giver's loving thought.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

O, these are Voices of the past,
Links of a broken chain,
Wings that can bear me back to times
Which cannot come again:
Yet God forbid that I should lose
The echoes that remain.

—ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd:
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

—THOMAS MOORE.

We must laugh before we are happy, for fear we die before we laugh at all.

—JEAN DE LA BRUYÈRE.

## A HEALTH

Her every tone is music's own, like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they, and from her lips each flows,
As one may see the burden'd bee forth issue from the rose.

—EDWARD C. PINKNEY.

## L'ENVOI

The Greeks said grandly, in their tragic phrase,
"Let no one be called happy till his death."
To which I add, Let no one till his death
Be called unhappy. Measure not the work
Until the day's out, and the labour done;
Then bring your gauges. If the day's work's scant,
Why, call it scant; affect no compromise;
And, in that we have nobly striven, at least
Deal with us nobly. . . .

—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

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